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L'Histoire de Dix Ans, 1830-1840. Par M. LOUIS BLANC. Tomes I., II., III. Paris. 1843.

THIS is a remarkable work. So strong is the sensation it has created in Germany, as well as in France, that we must introduce it to the notice of our readers, in spite of its incomplete state. Three volumes of the promised five have already appeared. Three editions were demanded of the first volume before the second was published, although the publication takes place by weekly *livraisons*. The second and third volumes have already had two large editions, the demand increasing.

And this success is explained by the talent of the author no less than by the absorbing interest of the theme. The ten years, 1830-1840, were troubled, stirring, and important times to every European nation: to none so much as France. The revolution of July—those Glorious Three Days; the revolutions of Poland and Belgium; the siege of Antwerp; the insurrections at Lyons and Grenoble, with the countless conspiracies and insurrections at Paris; the cholera morbus, with its eighteen thousand victims in Paris alone; the Duchesse de Berri and La Chouannerie; the taking of Algiers; five attempts at regicide; St. Simonism; Republicanism, and innumerable other "isms;" these are brilliant subjects, brilliantly treated by M. Louis Blanc. 'L'Histoire de Dix Ans' is one of those works so often libelled by being called "as interesting as a novel;" were novels a tithe as interesting, they would be what they pretend. It

has all that we require in a novel, and much more. It is a narrative of events real, striking, absorbing: the subjects of immense interest to all readers, and the style unusually excellent. As a narrative we know of few to compare with it, even in French History. Eloquent, earnest, rapid, brief yet full of detail; it has the vividness of Carlyle or Michelet, without transgressing the rules of classic taste. The style, though not free from an occasional inelegance, is remarkable for concinnity and picturesqueness, alternating between rhetoric and epigram. The spirit of the work is avowedly republican. The author never disguises his sympathies or convictions; yet at the same time is fully alive to all the errors of his party, and reveals the true causes of their ill success. Impartial he is not: no man with strong convictions can be so. You cannot hold one idea to be sacred, and regard its opponents as priests; you cannot believe one course of policy tyrannous and destructive, yet look upon its ministers as enlightened patriots. All that impartiality can do is to make allowance for difference of opinion, and not deny the sincerity of an opponent: to anathematize the doctrine not the man. M. Louis Blanc is, in this sense, tolerably impartial.

'L'Histoire de dix Ans' is not conspicuous for any profound views; its philosophy is often but philosophic rhetoric. But it is not without excellent *aperçus*, and acute penetration of motives. There is a great deal of the Journalist visible in the work. M. Blanc is a young man still, edits "*La Revue du Progrès*," and is more familiar with Journalism than with social science. His work

manifests both the advantages and disadvantages of such a condition. If the Journalist is incapable of that calm review of things, and those laborious generalizations, which the social philosopher elaborates from his abstract point of view: yet is he the more conversant with the concrete special instances, more familiar with the motives and passions of political parties more ready to understand every *coup d'état*. M. Blanc shows a thorough penetration into the spirit of each party, and sees the germs of strength or of disease. He has lived amongst conspirators; dined with legitimatists; been familiar with Bonapartists. Above all he understands the national spirit: its reckless daring, *insouciance*, gaiety, love of excitement, of military glory, idolatry of symbols, and facility of being led away by a sonorous word, or pompous formula. One of the people himself, he rightly understands the people's nature. We may illustrate this power of penetration by the citation of two of the epigrams with which his books abounds. Speaking of the incompetence of the Legitimists to shake the Orleans dynasty he says, "*Les révolutions se font avec des haines fortes et de violents desirs: les légitimistes n'avaient guère que des haines.*"* The second is really a profound *mot*: of the Buonapartist party he says: "*il avait un drapeau plutôt qu'un principe. C'était là l'invincible cause de son impuissance.*"†

An excellence not to be overlooked in his book is the portraiture of remarkable men. Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Lafitte, Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Mauguin, Armand Carrel, and Dupont (de l'Eure), with many others, are brought out in strong relief. But M. Louis Blanc describes a character mostly by epigrams. This has the advantage of effect, and of producing a lasting impression; with the disadvantage of all epigrams, in sacrificing a portion of the truth to effect.

Nothing can be happier than the way he hits off the restlessness of Thiers: "*plus d'inquiétude que d'activité, plus de turbulence que d'audace.*" But it is surely too much to talk of Metternich as "*un homme d'état sans initiative et sans portée.*"

The portrait of Lafayette may be quoted

* Revolutions are effected by means of strong hatreds and violent desires: the legitimatists had scarcely any thing but hatreds.

† It had a Banner rather than a Principle. Therein lay the invincible cause of its impotence.

as a fair specimen of the author's judgment of men.

"As to M. de Lafayette, at that time he could have done every thing and he decided on nothing. His virtue was brilliant yet fatal. In creating for him an influence superior to his capacity, it only served to annul in his hands a power, which, in stronger hands, would have altered the destinies of France. Nevertheless Lafayette had many qualities essential to a commander. His language as well as his manners presented a rare mixture of *finesse* and *bonhomie*, of grace and austerity, of dignity with haughtiness, and of familiarity without coarseness. To the one class he would always have remained a grand seigneur, although mixed up with the mob; to the others he was born one of the people, in spite of his illustrious origin. Happy privilege of preserving all the advantages of high birth, and of making them be pardoned! Add moreover that M. de Lafayette possessed at the same time the penetration of a sceptical and the warmth of a believing soul; that is to say, the double power of fascinating and containing his audience. In the *carbonari* meetings he spoke with fiery energy. At *la chambre* he was a witty and charming orator. What then did he want? Genius—and more than that, will. M. de Lafayette willed nothing hardily, because, unable to direct events, he would have been pained at seeing them directed by another. In this sense he was afraid of every one, but more than all of himself. Power enchanted, but frightened him; he would have braved its perils, but he dreaded its embarrassments. Full of courage, he was entirely deficient in audacity. Capable of nobly suffering violence, he was incapable of employing it with profit. The only head that he could have delivered to the executioner, without trembling, was his own.

"As long as he had to preside over a provisional government, he was competent, he was enchanted. Surrounded by a little court, at the Hôtel de Ville, he enjoyed the boisterous veneration which was paid to his age and celebrity, enjoyed it with an almost infantile *naïveté*. In that cabinet, where they were governed by signatures, there was considerable fuss about very little action. This was a situation admirably adapted to small intellects, because amidst these sterile agitations, they deluded themselves respecting the terror which they felt for all decisive acts."

M. Louis Blanc, in several cases, shows the fatal effects to the republican party of Lafayette's want of audacity. It is certain that this quality, which served Danton instead of genius, is indispensable in revolutions: as M. Blanc admirably says: "In times of struggle audacity is prudence; for in a revolution confidence has all the advantages of chance."

L'Histoire de Dix Ans' opens with a preliminary sketch of the state of parties from the return of the Bourbons and banishment of Napoleon to Elba, down to the commencement of the revolution of 1830. This is one of the best portions of the book. The author vividly shows how completely the Restoration was the work of the *bourgeoisie*. Napoleon fell because he wished to make France military, and the tendencies of the nation at large were commercial. Rome and Carthage have been and will ever be too adverse in principle to be united; one or the other must succumb. Napoleon did not see this, and he fell. M. Louis Blanc takes great pains to exhibit the cruel egotism of the *bourgeoisie* throughout the calamities which have befallen France. He points with withering sneers to every testimony of it, without seeing that egotism is the vice of the middle classes. They are exclusively bent upon the *bien être*—the "main chance." They have neither the refinement and the large ambition of the upper classes, nor the heroism and poetry of the lower. Their object in life is not to enjoy, but to collect the means of enjoyment. They are bent only on making fortunes. The rich think more of spending their money; the poor have no hope of fortune. Heroism, and its nurse ambition; self-sacrifice, generosity, and humanity; these are virtues of the higher and lower classes. Of the higher, because men need outlets for their activity, and because ambition is a stimulant powerful as the "main chance" of the bourgeois; of the lower, because want feels for want, misery for misery, and generosity is the constant virtue of those who need it in return. With this conviction that egotism is the bourgeois vice, it is somewhat discouraging to trace the rapid increasing development which that class is taking in European history. It impresses us the more strongly with the necessity for doing all to counteract the narrow-minded utilitarianism, which is usurping such a throne in men's souls; and endeavour to make people fully understand Göthe's profound saying: "That

the beautiful needs every encouragement, for all need it and few produce it; the useful encourages itself."

Having brought his preliminary sketch down to the opening of the revolution of July, M. Louis Blanc then commences his history of the ten years, 1830-1840. The first volume is devoted to a spirited and detailed narrative of the "Glorious Three Days," with the unparalleled examples of mob heroism, and touching episodes of civil war. The second and third volumes continue the history down to the siege of Antwerp. The accounts given of the St. Simonians, of the cholera morbus, of the various insurrections and abortive conspiracies, of carbonarism, and of foreign policy, will be read with universal interest. M. Louis Blanc has not only preceding histories, pamphlets, and newspapers, from which to gain his information; it is apparent throughout that he has had access to unpublished documents, and to the communications of various living actors in the scenes described. Some of these obligations he names; others he leaves the reader to infer. Nevertheless the grave student of history will often demur. He will see conversations reported at length which it is highly improbable, if not impossible, should ever have been authenticated; he will see motives purely inferential ascribed as unquestionable; he will see accounts of ministerial intrigues and royal falsehoods, reported as if the author had been present all the while. Moreover M. Louis Blanc is a young man; he is a journalist; he is a partisan; yet the knowledge he displays, or assumes, implies not only greater age and experience than he can possess, but also astounding universality of personal relations with opposite parties. We mention this as a caution to the reader. We by no means accuse M. Blanc of falsehood, or of misrepresentation; but when we find him reporting at length important conversations held between two people, neither of whom he could possibly have known—neither of whom would for their own sakes have repeated these conversations, when we find this, we confess our critical suspicions are aroused, and we ask, how came these things known? We must again declare that M. Louis Blanc appears to us a perfectly earnest honest man, and incapable, we believe, of *inventing* these things. But whence did he get them? Why are not distinct references given? Why are not authorities sifted? These are questions every one is

justified in asking. No man can read history with confidence who has not such authenticity before his eyes as prevents the suspicion of hasty statement or party misrepresentation.

Let us observe, however, that this suspicion of M. Blanc's accuracy refers only to minor and individual points. There is no error possible respecting the staple of this history, except such as may result from party views. The facts are known to all. The debates are registered. The actors are mostly living, and the friends of the deceased survive. It is the history of our own times; the youngest of us remember its events. Error therefore on the great events is barely possible; and it is only these that have a lasting interest for men.

It is difficult to select passages from a history of sufficient interest by themselves for quotation. The episodes are too long for extract, and any particular event would demand too much preliminary explanation. We shall condense, therefore, the episode of the death of the Prince de Condé as much as possible. The suspicions which attach themselves to persons high in the state, owing to the unfortunate transactions which preceded and succeeded the event; and indeed the mysteriousness of the whole incident, give this episode a strong and special interest.

Our readers will probably recollect the name of La Baronne de Feuchères, which recently went the round of the papers. This celebrated woman died, and left an immense heritage to be disputed, and an infamous reputation to be commented on. She was by birth an Englishwoman, one Sophy Dawes; she appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, which she quitted to become the mistress of an opulent foreigner, with whom she lived at Turnham Green. Le Baron de Feuchères subsequently married her, and his name served for some time to cover the scandal of her adulterous amours with the Duc de Bourbon, last of the Condés. Her power over the duke was omnipotent. He loved and dreaded her. Gifted with rare beauty and grace, fascinating and imperious, tender and haughty by turns, she had considerable cleverness and no principle. The duke had settled on her the domains of St. Leu and Boissy, and about a million of francs (4000*l.*) in money. She desired more and was presented with the revenue of the forest D'Eng-hien. But a secret uneasiness followed her: she dreaded lest the prince's heirs might

provoke an action, and she lose all she had so dexterously gained. She conceived the bold plan of making the duke adopt the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, as his heir. The proof of this is in the following letter from the Duchess of Orleans to the Baroness de Feuchères.

"I am very much touched, madame, by your solicitude in endeavouring to bring about this result, which you regard as fulfilling the desires of M. Le duc de Bourbon; and be assured that if I have the happiness of seeing my son become his adopted child, you will find in us at all times and in all circumstances, both for you and yours, that protection which you demand, and of which a mother's gratitude will be your guarantee."

It must have cost the pious rigid duchess some pangs thus to associate her maternal hopes with such very equivocal advocacy. The Duc d'Orleans, on the second of May 1829, learnt from Madame de Feuchères that she had in an urgent and passionate letter proposed to her lover to adopt the Duc d'Aumale; on this information he addressed himself directly to the Duc de Bourbon. He gave him to understand how sensible he was of the kind solicitude of Madame de Feuchères, and how proud he should be to see one of his sons bearing the glorious name of Condé. At this unexpected blow the Duc de Bourbon was overwhelmed with anxiety. He had never liked the Duc d'Orleans. He had stood godfather to the Duc d'Aumale, but never thought of him as his heir. Yet how could he without insult now refuse that which they assumed him to be so anxious to bestow? Above all, how resist the violence and the caresses of Madame de Feuchères? Harassed and terrified, the Duc de Bourbon consented to an interview with the Duc d'Orleans. Nothing positive was concluded, but the Duc d'Orleans believed his hopes so well founded, that he ordered M. Dupin to prepare a will in favour of the Duc d'Aumale.

The baronness became more and more urgent. The prince allowed his anger to escape in bitter reproaches. He had had no rest since this fatal plan had been proposed to him; he could not sleep at night. Violent quarrels embittered the day. More than once indiscreet confidences betrayed the agitation of his mind. "My death is all they have in view," he exclaimed one day in a fit of despair. Another time he so far forgot himself as to tell M. Surval, "Once let them

obtain what they desire, and my days are numbered." At last in a desperate attempt to escape from Madame de Feuchères, he invoked the generosity of the Duc d'Orleans himself. "The affair which now occupies us," he wrote on the 20th August, 1829, "commenced unknown to me, and somewhat lightly by Madame de Feuchères, is infinitely painful to me as you may have observed;" and he entreated the duc to interfere and cause Madame to relinquish her projects, promising at the same time a certain public testimony of his affection for the Duc d'Aumale. The Duc d'Orleans went to Madame, and in presence of a witness whom he had taken care to have called, he begged her to discontinue her project. She was inflexible. So that without at all compromising the prospect of his son, the Duc d'Orleans had all the credit of an honourable and disinterested attempt.

This situation was too violent not to explode in some terrible manner. On the 29th August, 1829, the Duc de Bourbon was at Paris; and in the billiard room of the palace, M. de Surval, who was in the passage, heard loud cries for help; he rushed in and beheld the prince in a frightful passion. "Only see in what a passion monseigneur puts himself," said Madame de Feuchères, "and without cause! Try to calm him." "Yes, Madame," exclaimed the prince, "it is horrible, atrocious thus to place a knife to my throat, in order to make me consent to a deed you know I have so much repugnance for: and seizing her hand, he added with a significant gesture: well then, plunge the knife here at once—plunge it." The next day the prince signed the deed which made the Duc d'Aumale his heir, and assured the baroness a legacy of ten millions of francs (40,000*l.*)!

The revolution of July burst forth; the Duc d'Orleans became Louis Philippe. The prince de Condé grew more and more melancholy; his manners to Madame de Feuchères were altered; her name pronounced before him sometimes darkened his countenance; his tenderness for her, though always prodigal and anticipating her smallest wishes, yet seemed mixed with terror. He made M. de Chourlot, and Manoury his valet, the confidants of a project of a long voyage: of which the strictest secrecy was to be preserved, especially with regard to la baronne: at the same time dark rumours circulated about the chateau. On the morning of the

11th of August they found the prince with his eye bleeding. He hastened to explain it to Manoury, as having been caused by the table. Manoury replied that that was scarcely possible: the table was not high enough: the prince was silent, embarrassed. "I am not a good storyteller," said he shortly after, "I said that I hurt myself while sleeping: the fact is, that in opening the door, I fell down and struck my temple against the corner." It is worthy of remark that the prince afterwards wished Manoury to sleep by the door of his bedchamber; and that Manoury having observed that this would look strange, and that it was more natural for Lecomte, his "valet de chambre de service," to do this, the prince replied, "Oh no, leave him alone." Lecomte was introduced into the chateau by Madame de Feuchères.

The preparations for the voyage were nearly completed. For three days the prince had resumed his usual pleasures. After a gay dinner, at which M. de Cosse-Brissac was present, they played at whist. The prince played with the baroness, M. Laville-gontier, and M. de Prejean. The prince was gayer than ordinary; lost some money and abstained from paying it; saying, "to-morrow." He rose and crossed the room to proceed to his bedchamber; in passing he made a friendly gesture to his attendants which seemed like an adieu. Was this one of those adieus in which the thought of approaching death shows itself? Or was it the indication of his project of voyage, of exile?

He ordered that they should call him at eight o'clock next morning; and they left him for the night. It is necessary distinctly to understand the situation of the prince's chamber. It was joined by a small passage to a *salon d'attente*. This salon opened on the one side into a *cabinet de toilette*, touching the grand corridor; on the other it opened upon a back staircase, ending at the landing-place where were the apartments of Madame de Feuchères, and of Madame de Flasans her niece. The back staircase led from this landing-place to the vestibule; and by a higher landing it communicated with a second corridor in which were the chambers of l'abbé Briant, of Lachassine, the femme de chambre of the baroness, and of the Duprés, husband and wife, attached to her service. The room of the latter was immediately under that of the prince, so that they could hear when there was talking above their heads.

This night the *gardes-chasse* went their accustomed rounds. Lecomte had closed the door of the *cabinet de toilette* and taken away the key. Why was this precaution taken? The prince constantly left the door of his room unbolted. Madame de Flassans sat up till two in the morning, occupied with writing. No noise disturbed her. The Duprés heard nothing. All the night a profound calm reigned throughout the château. At eight the next morning Lecomte knocked at the prince's door. It was bolted; the prince made no reply. Lecomte retired and returned afterwards with M. Bonnie: both knocked without receiving a reply. Alarmed, they descended to Madame de Feuchères. "I will come at once," she said, "when he hears my voice he will answer." Half-dressed, she rushed from her room, and reaching that of the prince, knocked, and exclaimed, "Open! open! monseigneur, it is I." No answer. The alarm spread. Manoury, Lelerc, l'abbé Briant, Mery-Lafontaine, ran thither. The room was burst open. The shutters were shut, and the room dark. A single wax-light was burning on the mantelpiece, but behind a screen which sent the light upwards towards the ceiling. By this feeble light the head of the prince was seen, close to the shutter of the north window. It seemed like a man steadfastly listening. The east window being opened by Manoury shed light upon the horrid spectacle. The duc de Bourbon was hanged, or rather hooked, on to the fastening of the window sash! Madame de Feuchères sank groaning and shuddering on a fauteuil in the *cabinet de toilette*, and the cry, "Monseigneur is dead," resounded throughout the château.

The duc was attached to the fastening by means of two handkerchiefs, passed one within the other. The one which pressed his neck was *not* tied with a slip-knot: moreover it did not press upon the trachial artery—it left the nape of the neck uncovered—and was found so loose, that several of the assistants passed their fingers betwixt it and the neck. Circumstances suspicious. Further, the head drooped upon the breast, the face was pale; the tongue was not thrust out of the mouth, it only pushed up the lips; the hands were closed; the knees bent; and at their extremities the feet touched the carpet. So that in the acute sufferings which accompany the last efforts of life, the prince would only have had to stand upright upon his feet to have escaped death! This disposition of the body, toge-

ther with the appearances which the body itself presented, powerfully combated the idea of suicide. Most of the assistants were surprised by them.

The authorities arrived; the state and disposition of the corpse were noted down; an inquest was held in which it was concluded that the duc had strangled himself. Indeed, the room, bolted from within, seemed to render assassination impossible. In spite of many contradictions, it was believed that the duc had committed suicide. Nevertheless this belief became weaker and weaker. It was proved that the bolt was very easily moved backwards and forwards from outside. The age of the prince, his want of energy, his well-known religious sentiments, the horror he had always testified at death, his known opinion of suicide as cowardly, the serenity of his latter days, and his project of flight: these all tended to throw a doubt on his suicide. His watch was found upon the mantelpiece, wound up as usual; and a handkerchief, with a knot in it; his custom when he wished to remind himself of any thing on the morrow. Besides, the body was not in a state of suspension. The valet de pied, Romanzo, who had travelled in Turkey and Egypt, and his companion, Fife, an Irishman, had both seen many people hanged. They declared that the faces of the hanged were blackish, and not of a dull white; that their eyes were open and bloodshot; and the tongue lolling from the mouth. These signs were all contradicted by the appearance of the prince. When they detached the body, Romanzo undid the knot of the handkerchief fastened to the window sash; and he succeeded only after the greatest difficulty; it was so cleverly made, and tightened with such force. Now, amongst the servants of the prince, no one was ignorant of his extreme *maladresse*. He could not even tie the strings of his shoes. He made, indeed, the bow of his cravat for himself, but never without his valet bringing both ends round in front for him. Moreover, he had received a sabre cut in the right hand, and had his left clavicle broken: so that he could not lift his left hand above his head, and he could only mount the stairs with the double assistance of his cane and the baluster.

Certain other suspicious circumstances began to be commented on. The slippers which the prince rarely used, were always at the foot of the chair in which he was undressed: was it by his hand that they were that night

ranged at the foot of *the bed*? the ordinary place for slippers, but not for his. The prince could only get out of bed in turning as it were upon himself; and he was so accustomed to lean on the side of the bed in sleeping, that they were obliged to double the covering four times to prevent his falling out. How was it that they found the middle of the bed pressed down, and the sides on the contrary raised up? It was the custom of those who made the bed to push it to the bottom of the alcove; their custom had not been departed from on the 26th. Who then had moved the bed a foot and a half beyond its usual place? There were two wax-lights extinguished but not consumed. By whom could they have been extinguished? By the prince? To make such complicated preparations for his own death, had he voluntarily placed himself in darkness?

Madame de Feuchères supported the idea of suicide. She pretended that the accident of the 11th of August was but an abortive attempt. She trembled when they spoke of the duc's projects of voyage, and hearing Manoury talking freely of them, she interrupted him: "Take care! such language may seriously compromise you with the king." But it seemed strange to all the attendants of the prince, that upon the point of accomplishing so awful a deed, he had left no written indication of his design, no mark of affection for those to whom he had always been so kind, and whose zeal he had always recognised and recompensed. This was a moral suicide, less explicable than the other. A discovery crowned these uncertainties.

Towards the evening of the 27th, M. Guillaume, secretary to the king, perceived in passing by the chimney some fragments of paper which lay scattered on the dark ground of the grate. He took up some of them from underneath the cinders of some burnt paper, and read the words *Roi . . . Vincennes . . . infortuné fils*. The procureur-général, M. Bernard, having arrived at St. Leu, these fragments, together with all that could be found, were handed to him. "Truth is there," he exclaimed, and succeeded in recomposing the order of sense (according to the size of the pieces) of two different letters, of which the following remained.

"Saint Leu appartient au roi
Philippe
ne pillés, ni ne brûlés
le château ni le village.
ne faite de mal à personne
ni à mes amis, ni à mes

gens. On vous a égarés
Sur mon compte, je n'ai.

urir en aiant
cœur le peuple
et l'espoir du
bonheur de ma patrie.

Saint Leu et ses dépend
appartiennent à votre roi
Philippe; ne pillés ni ne brûlés

le village
ne mal à personne
ni es amis, ni à mes gens.

On vous a égarés sur mon compte, je n'ai que
mourir en souhaitant bonheur et prospérité au peu-
ple français et à ma patrie. Adieu, pour toujours.

L. H. J. DE BOURBON, Prince de Condé.

P. S. Je demande a être enterré a Vincennes,
près de mon infortuné fils.

In these strange recommendations many thought they saw a proof of suicide. Others more suspicious, could not conceive that these were the adieus of a prince about to quit life. The fear of a pillage of St. Leu seemed incompatible with that disgust for all things which precedes suicide. It was moreover little likely that the prince should have experienced such a fear on the night of the 26th, the night after the fête of St. Louis, wherein he had received such flattering testimonies of affection. It was also inexplicable how the prince could attribute St. Leu to Louis Philippe, to whom he knew it did not belong. There was great surprise, that having seized the pen in the midst of preparations for a suicide, he had said nothing respecting his design, and thus saved his faithful servants from a frightful suspicion. The very mode, in which the papers were discovered, was inconceivable. *How came it that these papers, so easily perceived on the evening of the 27th, escaped the diligent search of Romanzo, Choulot, and Manoury, and all those who that day visited every corner of the room, chimney included?* Was it not very likely that they were thrown there by some hand interested in the belief of suicide? These things led some to conjecture that the document was of some anterior date, and that it was no more than a proclamation of the prince during the first days of the month of August, when the revolutionary storm was still muttering. This hypothesis was strengthened by some who remembered that the prince had indeed conceived the idea of a proclamation. For our own parts, we incline to look upon it as a forgery. It could hardly have been a proclamation, from the very form of it; and the same objection before advanced of the prince's attributing St. Leu to the king, when

in reality it belonged to the prince, applies also to this. Besides, a critical inspection of the words remaining, and of their arrangement, leads to a suspicion of forgery: they are too consecutive for a burned letter.

Two parties formed opposite opinions, and maintained them with equal warmth. Those who believed in his suicide, alleged in favour of their opinion the inquest; the melancholy of the prince since 1830; his royalist terrors; the act of charity which he had confided on the 26th to the care of Manoury for fear of not being able to accomplish it himself; his mute adieu to his attendants; the state of the body, which presented no traces of violence except some excoriations quite compatible with suicide; the condition of his clothes, on which no soil had been observed; the bolt closed from within; the material difficulties of the assassination; and the impossibility of laying the finger on the assassin.

Against these presumptions, the defenders of his memory replied by words and acts of powerful effect. One of them, M. Méry Lafontaine, suspended himself at the fatal window-sash in precisely the same condition as that in which they found the prince: and this was perfectly harmless! Another endeavoured, by means of a small ribbon, to move the bolt from outside: and this with complete success. It was said that Lecomte, when in the chapel where the body was exposed, vanquished by his emotions exclaimed, "I have a weight upon my heart." M. Bonnie, contradicting the formal assertions of Lecomte, affirmed that on the morning of the 27th, the bolt of the back staircase was *not* closed; and that in order to hide this fatal circumstance, Madame de Feuchères, instead of taking the shorter route when hurrying to the chamber of the prince, took the route of the grand staircase!

On the 4th of September, the heart of the prince was carried to Chantilly. L'Abbé Pélier, almoner to the prince, directed the funeral service. He appeared, bearing the heart of the victim in a silver box, and ready to pronounce the last adieu. A sombre silence reigned throughout; every one was in suspense. The impression was profound, immense, when the orator with a solemn voice let fall these words, "The prince is innocent of his death before God!" Thus ended the great race of Condé.

Madame de Feuchères precipitately quitted St. Leu, and went to the Palais Bourbon. For a fortnight she made l'abbé Briant sleep

in her library, and Madame Flassans in her room, as if dreading to be alone. Soon mastering her emotion, she showed herself confident and resolute. She resumed her speculations at *La Bourse*; gained considerable sums, and laughed at her enemies. But she could not stifle the murmurs which arose on all sides. The Prince de Rohan made every preparation both for a civil and a criminal *procès*. At Chantilly and St. Leu there were few who believed in the suicide; at Paris the boldest conjectures found vent; the highest names in the kingdom were not spared. The name of an illustrious person was coupled with that of Madame de Feuchères, and furnished political enemies with a weapon they were not scrupulous in using. With a savage sagacity they remarked that, from the 27th, the court had taken possession of the theatre of the transaction; that the almoner of the prince, although on the spot, was not invited to co-operate in the *procès-verbaux*; and that the physician of the prince, M. Geurin, was not called in to the examination of the body: the latter being confided to three physicians, two of whom, MM. Marc and Pasquier, were on the most intimate relations with the court. With the affected astonishment of raillery, they demanded why the Duc de Broglie had prevented the insertion, in the "Moniteur," of the oration of M. Pélier at Chantilly. To stifle these rumours, the scandal of which reached even the throne, a decisive and honourable means was in the power of the king. To repudiate a succession so clouded with mystery would have silenced his enemies and done honour to himself. But the head of the Orleans family had early shown that indifference to money was not the virtue he aspired to. On the eve of passing to a throne he hastily consigned his personal property to his children, in order that he might not unite it with the state property, after the antique law of monarchy. Instead therefore of relinquishing his son's claim to the heritage of the Prince de Condé, he invited Madame de Feuchères to court, where she was gallantly received. Paris was in a stupor. The violence of public opinion rendered an inquiry inevitable; but no stone was left unturned to stifle the affair. The conseiller-rapporteur, M. de la Huproie, showing himself resolved to get at the truth was suddenly shifted elsewhere, and the place of judge which he had long desired for his son-in-law was at once accorded him.

At length, however, the action brought by

the family of the Rohans, to invalidate the testament of the Duc de Bourbon in favour of the Duc d'Aumale, was tried. Few trials excited more interest. The veil which covered the details of the event was half drawn aside. M. Hennequin, in a speech full of striking facts and inferences, presented a picture of the violences and artifices by which the old Duc de Bourbon was hurried into consent to the will. In the well known sentiments of the prince, M. Hennequin saw the proof that the testament was not his real wish, but had been forced from him; and in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. The younger M. Dupin replied with great dexterity. But it was remarked and commented on at the time, that he replied to precise facts and formal accusations with vague recriminations and tortuous explanations. He pretended that this action was nothing but a plot laid by the legitimistes; an attempt at vengeance; which he called upon all friends of the revolution of 1830 to resent. The interest of the legitimistes in the affair was evident; but to combat an imposing mass of testimony something more than a vehement appeal to the recollections of July was necessary. The Rohans lost their cause before the jury: but, right or wrong, do not seem altogether to have lost it before the tribunal of public opinion.

The court soon ceased to feel any uneasiness respecting the noise which the affair still kept up. Nevertheless one thing was extremely tormenting in it. There was, and had been for some time in the house of Condé, a secret of which two persons were always the depositaries. This secret had been confided by the Duc de Bourbon, at the time of his stay in London, to Sir William Gordon, equerry to the Prince Regent, and to the Duc de Châtre. After their deaths M. de Chourlot received the confidence of the prince, and having been thrown from his horse and being considered in danger, admitted Manoury also into his confidence. No one ever knew what this secret was, except that it was most important and most redoubtable.

Whatever may be the conclusion arrived at by the reader respecting this mysterious affair, there can be but one sentiment respecting part of the conduct of Louis Philippe. Decency would have suggested that such a woman as the Baronne de Feuchères should not be welcomed at court, especially when such terrible suspicions were hanging over her. Decency would have suggested

that the public should have full and ample conviction of the sincerity with which the causes of the prince's death were investigated. It does not seem to us that Louis Philippe acted with his usual tact in this case. For tact he has, and wonderful ability, in spite of the sneers of M. Louis Blanc. A man cannot rule France without courage, cleverness, and tact. Louis Philippe has abundantly shown to what a great extent he possesses all three. He uses his ministers and friends as tools, it is true; but it is no ordinary task to use such men as instruments for your own ends.

M. Louis Blanc, in common with most Frenchmen, is very bitter against the king; and the episode we have selected from his work must be read *cum grano*, as it is obviously dwelt upon for the purpose of inspiring his readers with his own animosity. True, the spirit of the whole work is biographical, anecdotal, personal; nevertheless we remark that M. Blanc selects with pleasure all the facts or anecdotes which tell against the king. He dwells with evident satisfaction on the vivid picture which he draws of the irresolution, the want of audacity, which Louis Philippe displayed when the throne was first offered to him; and very strongly depicts the utter want of participation which the Duc d'Orleans had in the Revolution. He neither conspired nor combated. His name was never mentioned, his person never thought of, till the Revolution was finished: and then, wanting a ruler, they elected him. It is with quiet sarcasm that M. Blanc points to the fact of Louis Philippe, the day after every *émuete*, always appearing in public with his family, especially on the theatre of the transaction, as if to associate in the people's minds the ideas of order and peace with the Orleans family.

But we must here quit for the present the work of M. Louis Blanc: anxiously awaiting the appearance of the concluding volumes, and conscientiously recommending it to our readers as one of the most vivid, interesting, and important works that have recently issued from the French press.

A phenomenon, as strange as it was frightful, is now the subject of conversation at St. Pierre, in the Oise. Two children have been carried off by a whirlwind in presence of their parents. The whole country, within a circumference of two leagues, has been visited, without any news being heard of them. It is feared they were carried into the river Oise.

From Chapman's Magazine.

THE IRISH ROUND TOWERS.

A LEGEND.

BY CORNET CONCANNEN, H. P., BALROTHERY FENCIBLES.

"By Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the calm cool eve's declining;
He sees the Round Towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

A SOJOURNER in the "nate town of Ath-lone," a few years since, I was in the habit of taking early morning walks to the heights upon which the battery is placed. Upon one of these occasions I was resting myself on a bank which commanded an extensive view of that vast lonely plain through which the mighty Shannon rolls in solitary majesty, until it reaches the low gravelly hills about fourteen miles from the town, upon whose southern curve stands the interesting ruins of the Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise, and two of those remarkable round towers that for ages past have been an enigma which has puzzled the most profound antiquarians. Built at a time when architectural knowledge must have been in a very advanced state in the country, yet having no records of their origin beyond their mere existence, they have become objects of curiosity to the learned, and of superstitious awe to the ignorant.* I had been gazing upon the singular remains for some minutes with a sort of vague curiosity when I was startled by a voice close beside me saying,

"God save your honour! It's airly you're mayandhering up here, sir!"

I turned and perceived a middle-aged man standing by my elbow, attired in the usual garb of the peasantry, except, that instead of a blue frieze coat he wore a rusty black one, buttoned up to the throat, where a patch of a not too-immaculately white-neck cloth was discoverable. In the broad skirts of the coat gaped two immense pockets, from one of which, like a full quiver, protruded the feathers of a bundle of goose-quills, and from the

* The most generally received and rational opinion, respecting the Round Towers of Ireland, is that they are of Pagan origin, and were intended for religious or sepulchral purposes—perhaps for both. After the introduction of Christianity into the island, they were converted into belfries for the churches which the Christian missionaries built in their vicinity; and as the memory of Paganism died away amongst the people, it is not surprising that later traditions should assign the building of those pillar towers to the early apostles of the country.

other fluttered the corner of a tattered red cotton handkerchief.

"I persave, sir, you've been taking a perspective contimplation of ould Clonmacnoise. A mighty ramarkabil place it is, sir, and well worthy the circumspection of a gintleman of a vagrant and larned disposition;" continued my new companion, pointing to the ruins with a stout ash stick which he held, and finishing his address by a profound bow to myself. There was a grave formality in the man's manner, strangely at variance with the fun and drollery which lurked in his quick eye and haunted the odd holes and corners of the most grotesque set of features I ever beheld. I saw he was a "character," and I encouraged him to proceed by expressing a desire to visit and examine more closely these interesting ruins.

"Mighty proper, sir!" said he. "Of coorse you'll want some one to confound you with the intrhicacies and navigation of the ould place; and, as there's nobody understands that matter aigual to myself, I've a strong idaya of going with you."

"I should be delighted with your company, Mr. — a — a —: your name is —?"

"Darcy, sir—Thaddeus Darcy!—though the Bætian spalpeens hereabouts call me Thady Darcy, for shortness."

"I should be delighted with your company, Mr. Darcy, if not putting you to the least inconvenience."

"Unconvaynience! Don't mention the likes, sir. The day's my own, as Brian Boru said, when he bate the Danes—bad luck to them! I gev every mother soul of my scholars a holiday in honor of Mrs. Mulcahy, the grocer, being parturated of twins last night—more glory to her!"

"You keep a school then?" said I.

"Siminary, sir—if it's plasing to you"—cried Mr. Darcy, drawing himself up to his full height with an air of offended dignity—"I have the honour to be the directhor and principal—the great head—*caput magnus*, as the *anncients* had it—of the select siminary of Glasson; where asthronomy, arithmetic, Virgil, navigation, Euclid, Jack the Giant Killer, vulgar fractions, and polite behaviour are inflicted upon the tender mind o youth by your condescinding sarvant, at the small rate of tuppence a week."

I begged the Director's pardon, and having, by his advice, hired in the town one of those frail canoe-shaped boats, called a cot, with a sturdy fellow to paddle it, I soon found

myself gliding down the broad unruffled bosom of the Shannon, towards the mouldering walls of Clonmacnoise. My new companion proved to be a most entertaining and whimsical fellow. He told droll stories and sang songs, of his own composition, with a relish which it would be impossible to describe; then he would suddenly diverge into the marvellous, and relate some of the wild traditions of the people, pointing out to me, as we slowly dropped down the river, the different places to which his legends referred.

We had nearly completed our short voyage, when Thaddeus, who had been extolling the magnificence of the river Shannon, broke out into the following chant:—

The poets of ould,
I've often been tould,
In praises of rivers have ran on;
But I'll bet them a pound,
They never yet found,
A sthrame like our beautiful Shannon.

'Tis wide, and 'tis spacious,
'Tis likewise campacious,
The green vardant rushes its margin grow over;
And in its clear wathers,
Like alderman's daughters,
The salmons—sly devils—are living in clover.

The continuation of Thady's song was stopped by our arrival at the landing place near the Seven Churches; and in a few minutes I was scrambling with my guide through the dilapidated walls, fallen arches, sculptured crosses, and broken tombs, with which the sacred precincts are thickly strewn. For each of these Thady had some marvellous legend, which, in many instances, I suspected owed its origin to his own inventive fancy.

"Look here now, sir," said he, pointing to one of the two round towers. "Do you observe this big tower has not a pointed top to it like the other small one that stands near it?"

"Yes," I replied, "it appears as if the upper part had been taken away."

"That's it, sir; and I'll tell you how it happened. Whin St. Kieran—blessed be his memory!—had finished the Sivin Churches as compleat as you please, he built the small tower yonder for his own private convaynience; and, you may remark, sir, that he left four little windeys in the upper room, so, that whin he'd be sitting up there all alone reading the "Sivin Pinitential Psalms," he might keep a watchful and fugacious eye upon the whole

circumferous country; and you may be sure he was mighty proud of his work, which, he thought, bate Banagher for grandeur. Well, sir, one morning as he was standing with his hands in his breeches pocket, admiring it, a decent-looking ould man comes up to him and, says he—

"'That's a nate little trifle,' says he.

"'Thrifle!' says the saint, with a contemptible look, 'I'd like to see the man that could fellow it.'

"'I don't know about fellowing it; but I think I could build a tower twicet as high,' answered the ould man, fair and asy.

"'You could?' says St. Kieran, opening his eyes—'then, by the word of a saint, if you'll build one for me, you shall have your own price for your work.'

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, the bargain was sthruck, and the next morning the ould mascn, who was called Shawn Kelly, sot to work building up the tower, and if the first one was grand, the second was fifty times grander. Such illigant masonry never was seen in that country, and as for hoighth, why the other tower looked no bigger than a nine-pin beside it. On he went, building and building, till at last he had the tower nearly compleat, when the devil, who was sitting over there on the top of yonder hill, watching the work, and thinking how he could circumvint the saint in his pious detarmination, got a sudden thought in his head, and, spreading out his wings, away the ould blackguard flew to the tower where Shawn Kelly was building away with his stones and morthar.

"'This is an illigant piece of work,' says the devil, 'but I'd like to know who's to pay you for it.'

"'St. Kieran is, to be sure,' answers Shawn.

"'St. Kieran!'" says the ould thief, cracking his tail like a coachman's whip—"that, for St. Kieran! Why, man, he hasn't as much goold or silver in his possession as would jingle on a tombstone." Which, betune you and me, sir, was no lie of the devil's, for the saint had spent every sixpence he could beg, borrow, or stale, in building the Sivin Churches.

"'Oho!' says Shawn, 'if that be the case, it's time for me to look sharp afther his riverence.' So he makes no more ado, but comes down from the tower, and tells Saint Kieran that he wouldn't do another sthroke of work until he was paid for as far as he

had done. Well, the Saint was mighty angry at first, but the mason was as stiff as *he* was stout; and so he was obliged to come down a peg or two, and try to soother him with soft words. But nothing but the ready money would sarve Shawn's turn, which, as I tould you, wasn't quite convaynient to the saint at the time. At last, says his riverence—

“ ‘Shawn Kelly,’ says he, ‘you’re a dacent man, and a nate Christian, and if I was to pledge my breviary and my Sunday coat, you must be paid this day. I’ve a little bill here that a saint, who lives in the next parish, has put his name upon. It’s as good as the bank, you see; so I’ll just step over to Shannon Harbour, and get Morris Healy, the mealman, to give me the money for it. In the mean time, do you go up again to your work, and I’ll be back before evening with the change for you in my pocket.’ ”

“Shawn now thought his wages was sartin sure, so up he goes again to the top of the tower; but what do you think—as soon as he got there, St. Kieran pulled away the ladder. ‘And now, my tight fellow,’ says he, ‘the devil a toe of you comes down out of that till you have put the last stone on the building.’ Well, when the ould mason saw how he was confuscated by the saint, he was ready to cut his misfortunit throat; and, while he was sitting there bemoaning himself for being such a *gomliagh*,* the devil lights down by his side on the top of the tower.

“ ‘Hollo Shawn!’ says he, ‘what’s asthray with you now?’ ”

“ ‘So Shawn up and tould him how St. Kieran had got the betther of him, and would not let him down till he had complate his work.

“ ‘Ah! Shawn,’ says the black fellow, ‘you’re too innocent to dale with a saint. Whisper,’ says he, ‘what’s to hinder you coming down in spite of his teeth?’ ”

“ ‘The ladder’s taken away,’ answers the mason.

“ ‘But the tower aint,’ cries the devil, and as you built it up, can’t you pull it down again, and so get yourself down along with it?’ ”

“ ‘By the piper that played before Moses! you’re right,’ says Shawn. ‘And isn’t it remarkable I never thought of that way myself?’ ”

“ ‘With that he begun taring up the stones,

and pitching them off the tower, until some of the neighbours, seeing the game he was at, ran up to St. Kieran’s house to tell him all about it. The saint had just finished his dinner off a beautiful salmon trout—in regard of its being Friday, when he never tasted mate—and was mixing a screeching hot tumbler of *potteen* punch with his own blessed hands (for Father Mathew and the teetotallers wasn’t in vogue them times), when he haard the news. Without stopping to wet his whistle, away he ran to the tower, and calling out to Shawn Kelly to hould his hand for God’s sake, he ordhered the ladders to be put up again, by which manes the ould man came down, with his hammer and throwels and other accouthrements tied up in his leather apron at his back. Well, sir, St. Kieran, who had a mighty pleasant way with him when he liked, thried to make it all out a joke. ‘Why, you fool,’ says he ‘I only wanted to frighten you a bit; I didn’t mane to keep you up there.’ ”

“ ‘The divil thank you for that same,’ says the other, ‘and now Saint Kieran you may get whoever you plase to finish your tower, for conshumin to the stone more I’ll ever lay on it.’ ”

“ ‘What’s more too, he kept his word, for all St. Kieran’s wheedling couldn’t hinder him from starting off that minute; but where he went to, nobody can tell, for he never was seen in these parts from that day to this. And now, sir, you have the thrue laygend of how the divil was the manes of laying the big tower of Clonmacnoise as you see it, for though Saint Kieran sent far and near for all sorts of masons and architacks, he never could find one who could put a finish to Shawn Kelly’s work.’ ”

RAILWAYS.

The Journal des Chemins de Fer says—

“An inventor announces that he has found a composition which will reduce to a mere triffe the price of rails for railroads. He replaces the iron by a combination of Kaolin clay (that used for making pottery and china) with a certain metallic substance, which gives a body so hard as to wear out iron, without being injured by it in turn. Two hundred pounds of this substance will cost less than twelve shillings, and would furnish two and a half metres of rail. The Kaolin clay is abundant in France, and the valley of the Somme contains immense quantities of it.”

* A simple fellow.

From the Britannia.

The Despatches of Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, addressed to the Emperor Charles V. Now first translated into English from the original Spanish, with an Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE FOLSOM, one of the Secretaries of the New York Historical Society.

THIS book is a credit to the American press. The despatches of Cortes are among the most interesting and singular documents ever penned. They give a minute and vivid account of his conquests, and of the wonderful scenes presented to his view on his first entry into the kingdom of Mexico. Yet, strange to say, they have never before been rendered into English. It is true that, as regards leading facts, the general reader has suffered little by this neglect, as the accurate and elegant narrative of Robertson embodies the more material portions of these despatches. But it is obvious that those who desire to know more than the mere outline of the strange and eventful history of the conquest of Mexico, cannot have their curiosity gratified by the single chapter which the Scottish historian devotes to the subject. This volume, which is a large one, contains three of the four letters addressed by Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. The first is lost, but the loss is of the less consequence as it was written before Cortes commenced his march to Mexico. The letters detail the events of four years, those years being the most important in the history of American discovery. The narrative is always clear and precise, and often rises to that kind of sublime but rugged eloquence, natural to men of heroic temperament, engaged in great achievements. With fifteen horse and three hundred infantry did Cortes commence the invasion of an extensive, populous, and civilized kingdom; and, with this insignificant force, he seized the Sovereign, and made the Spanish name respected and feared to the remotest extremities of the Mexican empire. At a subsequent period, with forty horse and five hundred foot, he advanced to besiege Mexico, and effected that conquest, which reduced the city with all its glories to ruins, exterminating thousands of the people, and securely established the Spanish rule in every part of the vast kingdom. In his relation Cortes appears perfectly candid; he disguises nothing, and conceals nothing. He relates the most barbarous massacres and the most treacher-

ous acts, as if they were not only justifiable but praiseworthy, and always seems to consider himself as under the special protection of Providence. We make a few extracts from this interesting book, which has evidently been produced with great care, strongly recommending it to all persons who wish to add to their stock of genuine and valuable historical works:—

RECEPTION OF CORTES BY MUTEZUMA IN MEXICO.

When we had passed the bridge, the Senior Mutezuma came out to receive us, attended by about two hundred nobles, all barefooted and dressed in livery, or a peculiar garb of fine cotton, richer than is usually worn; they came in two processions in close proximity to the houses on each side of the street, which is very wide and beautiful, and so straight that you can see from one end of it to the other, although it is two thirds of a league in length, having on both sides large and elegant houses and temples. Mutezuma came through the centre of the street, attended by two lords, one upon his right and the other upon his left hand. He was supported on the arms of both, and, as we approached, I alighted and advanced alone to salute him; but the two attending lords stopped me to prevent my touching him, and they and he both performed the ceremony of kissing the ground; after which he directed his brother who accompanied him to remain with me; the latter accordingly took me by the arm, while Mutezuma, with his other attendant, walked a short distance in front of me, and after he had spoken to me all the other nobles also came up to address me, and then went away in two processions with great regularity, one after the other, and in this manner returned to the city. At the time I advanced to speak to Mutezuma I took off from myself a collar of pearls and glass diamonds, and put it around his neck. After having proceeded along the street, one of his servants came bringing two collars formed of shell-fish, enclosed in a roll of cloth, which were made from the shells of coloured prawns or periwinkles, held by them in high estimation; and from each collar depended eight golden prawns, finished in a very perfect manner, about a foot and a half in length. When these were brought Mutezuma turned towards me and put them round my neck; he then returned along the street in the order already described, until he reached a very large and splendid palace, in

which we were to be quartered, which had been fully prepared for our reception. He there took me by the hand and led me into a spacious saloon, in front of which was a court, through which we entered. Having caused me to sit down on a piece of rich carpeting, which he had ordered to be made for his own use, he told me to wait his return there, and then went away. After a short space of time, when my people were all bestowed in their quarters, he returned with many and various jewels of gold and silver, featherwork, and five or six thousand pieces of cotton cloth, very rich and of varied texture and finish. After having presented these to me he sat down on another piece of carpet they had placed for him near me, and being seated he discoursed as follows:—

“It is now a long time since, by means of written records, we learned from our ancestors that neither myself nor any of those who inhabit this region were descended from its original inhabitants, but from strangers who emigrated hither from a very distant land; and we have also learned that a prince, whose vassals they all were, conducted our people into these parts, and then returned to his native land. He afterwards came again to this country, after the lapse of much time, and found that his people had intermarried with the native inhabitants, by whom they had many children, and had built towns in which they resided; and when he desired them to return with him they were unwilling to go, nor were they disposed to acknowledge him as their sovereign; so he departed from the country, and we have always heard that his descendants would come to conquer this land, and reduce us to subjection as his vassals; and according to the direction from which you say you have come, namely, the quarter where the sun rises, and from what you say of the great lord or king who sent you hither, we believe, and are assured that he is our natural sovereign, especially as you say that it is a long time since you first had knowledge of us. Therefore be assured that we will obey you, and acknowledge you for our sovereign in place of the great lord whom you mention, and that there shall be no default or deception on our part. And you have the power in all this land, I mean wherever my power extends, to command what is your pleasure, and it shall be done in obedience thereto, and all that we have is at your disposal.”

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

This noble city contains many fine and magnificent houses; which may be accounted for from the fact, that all the nobility of the country, who are the vassals of Mutezuma, have houses in the city, in which they reside a certain part of the year; and besides, there are numerous wealthy citizens who also possess fine houses. All these persons, in addition to the large and spacious apartments for ordinary purposes, have others, both upper and lower, that contain conservatories of flowers. Along one of the causeways that lead into the city are laid two pipes, constructed of masonry, each of which is two paces in width, and about five feet in height. An abundant supply of excellent water, forming a volume equal in bulk to the human body, is conveyed by one of these pipes and distributed about the city, where it is used by the inhabitants for drinking and other purposes. The other pipe, in the mean time, is kept empty until the former requires to be cleansed, when the water is let into it, and continues to be used till the cleansing is finished. As the water is necessarily carried over bridges on account of the salt water crossing its route, reservoirs resembling canals are constructed on the bridges, through which the fresh water is conveyed. These reservoirs are of the breadth of the body of an ox, and of the same length as the bridges. The whole city is thus served with water, which they carry in canoes through all the streets for sale, taking it from the aqueduct in the following manner: the canoes pass under the bridges on which the reservoirs are placed, when men stationed above fill them with water, for which service they are paid. At all the entrances of the city, and in those parts where the canoes are discharged, that is, where the greatest quantity of provisions is brought in, huts are erected, and persons stationed as guards, who receive a *certum quid* of every thing that enters. I know not whether the sovereign receives this duty or the city, as I have not yet been informed; but I believe that it appertains to the sovereign, as in the markets of other provinces a tax is collected for the benefit of their cacique. In all the markets and public places of this city are seen daily many labourers and persons of various employments waiting for some one to hire them. The inhabitants of this city pay a greater regard to style in their mode of living, and

are more attentive to elegance of dress and politeness of manners, than those of the other provinces and cities; since, as the Cacique Mutezuma has his residence in the capital, and all the nobility, his vassals, are in the constant habit of meeting there, a general courtesy of demeanour necessarily prevails. But not to be prolix in describing what relates to the affairs of this great city, although it is with difficulty I refrain from proceeding, I will say no more than that the manners of the people, as shown in their intercourse with one another, are marked by as great an attention to the proprieties of life as in Spain, and good order is equally well observed; and considering that they are a barbarous people, without the knowledge of God, having no intercourse with civilized nations, these traits of character are worthy of admiration.

In regard to the domestic appointments of Mutezuma, and the wonderful grandeur and state that he maintains, there is so much to be told, that I assure your Highness, I know not where to begin my relation, so as to be able to finish any part of it. For, as I have already stated, what can be more wonderful than that a barbarous monarch, as he is, should have every object found in his dominions imitated in gold, silver, precious stones, and feathers; the gold and silver being wrought so naturally as not to be surpassed by any smith in the world; the stone work executed with such perfection that it is difficult to conceive what instruments could have been used; and the feather work superior to the finest productions in wax or embroidery. The extent of Mutezuma's dominions has not been ascertained, since to whatever point he despatched his messengers, even two hundred leagues from his capital, his commands were obeyed, although some of his provinces were in the midst of countries with which he was at war. But as nearly as I have been able to learn, his territories are equal in extent to Spain itself. There are fortified places in all the provinces, garrisoned with his own men, where are also stationed his governors and collectors of the rents and tribute, rendered him by every province; and an account is kept of what each is obliged to pay, as they have characters and figures made on paper that are used for this purpose. Each province renders a tribute of its own peculiar productions, so that the sovereign receives a great variety of articles from different quarters. No prince was ever

more feared by his subjects, both in his presence and absence. He possessed out of the city, as well as within, numerous villas, each of which had its peculiar sources of amusement, and all were constructed in the best possible manner for the use of a great prince and lord. Within the city his palaces were so wonderful that it is hardly possible to describe their beauty and extent; I can only say that in Spain there is nothing equal to them.

There was one palace somewhat inferior to the rest, attached to which was a beautiful garden with balconies extending over it, supported by marble columns, and having a floor formed of jasper elegantly inlaid. There were apartments in this palace sufficient to lodge two princes of the highest rank with their retinues. There were likewise belonging to it ten pools of water, in which were kept the different species of water birds found in this country, of which there is a great variety, all of which are domesticated; for the sea birds there were pools of salt water, and for the river birds of fresh water. The water is let off at certain times to keep it pure, and is replenished by means of pipes. Each species of bird is supplied with the food natural to it which it feeds upon when wild. Thus fish is given to birds that usually eat it; worms, maize, and the finer seeds, to such as prefer them. And I assure your highness, that to the birds accustomed to eat fish there is given the enormous quantity of ten arrobas every day, taken in the salt lake. The emperor has three hundred men whose sole employment is to take care of these birds; and there are others whose only business is to attend to the birds that are in bad health.

Over the pools for the birds there are corridors and galleries, to which Mutezuma resorts, and from which he can look out and amuse himself with the sight of them. There is an apartment, in which are men, women, and children whose faces, bodies, hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes are white from their birth. The emperor has another very beautiful palace, with a large courtyard, paved with handsome flags, in the style of a chess-board. There were also cages, about nine feet in height and six paces square, each of which was half covered with a roof of tiles, and the other half had over it a wooden grate, skilfully made. Every cage contained a bird of prey, of all the species found in Spain, from the kestrel to the eagle, and many un-

known there. There was a great number of each kind; and in the covered part of the cages there was a perch, and another on the outside of the grating, the former of which the birds used in the night time, and when it rained; and the other enabled them to enjoy the sun and air. To all these birds fowls were daily given for food, and nothing else. There were in the same palace several large halls on the ground floor, filled with immense cages built of heavy pieces of timber, well put together, in all or most of which were kept lions, tigers, wolves, foxes, and a variety of animals of the cat kind, in great numbers, which were also fed on fowls. The care of these animals and birds was assigned to three hundred men. There was another palace that contained a number of men and women of monstrous size, and also dwarfs, and crooked and ill-formed persons, each of which had their separate apartments. These also had their respective keepers. As to the other remarkable things that the emperor had in his city for his amusement, I can only say that they were numerous and of various kinds.

He was served in the following manner: Every day, as soon as it was light, six hundred nobles and men of rank were in attendance at the palace, who either sat, or walked about the halls and galleries, and passed their time in conversation, but without entering the apartment where his person was. The servants and attendants of these nobles remained in the courtyards, of which there were two or three of great extent; and in the adjoining street, which was also very spacious. They all remained in attendance from morning till night; and, when his meals were served, the nobles were likewise served with equal profusion, and their servants and secretaries also had their allowance. Daily his larder and wine-cellar were open to all who wished to eat and drink. The meals were served by three or four hundred youths, who brought on an infinite variety of dishes; indeed, whenever he dined or supped, the table was loaded with every kind of flesh, fish, fruits, and vegetables, that the country produced. As the climate is cold, they put a chafing-dish with live coals under every plate and dish, to keep them warm. The meals were served in a large hall, in which Mutezuma was accustomed to eat, and the dishes quite filled the room, which was covered with mats, and kept very clean. He sat on a small cushion, curiously wrought of leather.

During the meals there were present, at a little distance from him, five or six elderly caciques, to whom he presented some of the food. And there was constantly in attendance one of the servants, who arranged and handed the dishes, and who received from others whatever was wanted for the supply of the table. Both at the beginning and end of every meal they furnished water for the hands; and the napkins used on these occasions were never used a second time; this was the case also with the plates and dishes, which were not brought again, but new ones in place of them; it was the same also with the chafing-dish. He is also dressed every day in four different suits, entirely new, which he never wears a second time. None of the caciques who enter his palace have their feet covered, and when those for whom he sends enter his presence they incline their heads and look down, bending their bodies; and when they address him they do not look him in the face; this arises from excessive modesty and reverence.

THE FALL OF MEXICO.

More than five hours had been spent in these conferences, during which time many of the inhabitants were crowded together upon piles of the dead, some were on the water, and others were seen swimming about, or drowning in the part of the lake where the canoes were lying, which was of considerable extent. Indeed, so excessive were the sufferings of the people, that no one could imagine how they were able to sustain them; and an immense multitude of men, women, and children, were compelled to seek refuge with us; many of whom in their eagerness to reach us threw themselves into the water, and were drowned amongst the mass of dead bodies. It appeared that the number of persons who had perished, either from drinking salt water, from famine or pestilence, amounted altogether to more than fifty thousand souls. In order to conceal their necessitous condition from our knowledge, the bodies of the dead were not thrown into the water, lest the brigantines should come in contact with them; nor were they taken away from the places where they had died, lest we should see them about the city. But in those streets where they had perished we found heaps of dead bodies so frequent that a person passing could not avoid stepping on them; and, when the people of the city flocked towards us, I caused Spaniards to be stationed

through all the streets to prevent our allies from destroying the wretched persons who came out in such multitudes. I also charged the captains of our allies to forbid by all means in their power, the slaughter of these fugitives; yet all my precautions were insufficient to prevent it, and that day more than fifteen thousand lost their lives. At the same time the better classes and the warriors of the city were pent up within narrow limits, confined to a few terraces and houses, or sought refuge on the water; but no concealment prevented our seeing their miserable condition and weakness with sufficient clearness. As the evening approached, and no signs of their surrender appeared, I ordered the two pieces of ordinance to be levelled towards the enemy to try their effect in causing them to yield; but they suffered greater injury when full licence were given to the allies to attack them than from the cannon, although the latter did them some mischief. As this was of little avail, I ordered the musketry to be fired; when a certain angular space where they were crowded together was gained, and some of the people thrown into the water, those that remained there yielded themselves prisoners without a struggle. In the mean time the brigantines suddenly entered that part of the lake, and broke through the midst of the fleet of canoes, the warriors who were in them not daring to make any resistance. It pleased God that the captain of a brigantine, named Garci Holguin, came up behind a canoe in which there seemed to be persons of distinction, and, when the archers who were stationed in the bow of the brigantine took aim at those in the canoe, they made a signal that the cacique was there, that the men might not discharge their arrows; instantly our people leaped into the canoe, and seized in it Guautimucin, and the lord of Tacuba, together with other distinguished persons that accompanied the cacique. Immediately after this occurrence, Garci Holguin, the captain, delivered to me on a terrace adjoining the lake, where I was standing, the cacique of the city with other noble prisoners; who, as I bade him sit down, without showing any asperity of manner, came up to me, and said in his own tongue, "That he had done all that was incumbent on him in defence of himself and his people, until he was reduced to his present condition; that now I might do with him as I pleased." He then laid his hand on a poniard that I wore, telling me to strike

him to the heart. I spoke encouragingly to him, and bade him have no fears. Thus the cacique being taken a prisoner, the war ceased at this point, which it pleased God our Lord to bring to a conclusion on Tuesday, Saint Hippolytus' day, the thirteenth of August, 1521.

From the London Charivari.

AN ARCHBISHOP ON WAR.

THE Archbishop of Bordeaux is a humourist; though, possibly, so thick-skinned are thousands of people to a real joke, his humour may not be generally understood. The Archbishop of Bordeaux—(And here the reader interrupts us, with—"Dear *Punch*, what in the name of your own precious nose, have we beef-eaters of England to do with the Archbishop of Bordeaux?") Softly, reader. In humour, *Punch* is cosmopolite. We are open to either pole, whenever a correspondent worthy of our columns shall date from either locality. Hence proceed we as we began.)

The Archbishop of Bordeaux, a few days since, attended an agricultural meeting in France, whereat he made a speech. He began in the following jocose vein:—

"My dear brethren—I was sometime ago in a foreign land, *won by the blood and valour* of our soldiers, and which is now a second France, where *ideas of glory, liberty*, and civilisation, will rise in a few years—I mean *Algeria*."

If we may trust the report of the speech—translated in the *Chronicle*—there were no "roars of laughter" at this: a fact which goes far to establish Sterne's theory, that the French are a grave nation. "Won by the *blood and valour* of our soldiers!" St. Paul would not have talked after this fashion; neither do we think would Fenelon; but then the author of *Télémaque*, though a French bishop, was a slow man at a jest. "Won by blood and valour!" Those exquisite practical humorists, Richard Turpin, John Sheppard, and Jonathan Wild, would have thoroughly appreciated the wit—it would have been so much in their own way; all their goods and chattels being *won* upon the road, or in the houses of other people. *Their* blood and valour were, unhappily, rewarded with hempen garlands—but then they did not bleed in a uniform.

The Archbishop, following up his pleasantries, talks of "ideas of glory, liberty, and civilisation," all taught to the poor, benighted Arabs by the benevolent schoolmasters expressly shipped for that benignant purpose, and equipped with muskets, swords, and ball-cartridge. The only way to give a savage an idea of glory is to cut his father's throat; to teach him liberty, it is necessary to make him con the lesson with the bayonet threatening his bowels; and to impress upon his sluggish mind a true feeling of the beauty of civilisation, why, let his house-top blaze over his head. When the teachers have murdered the benighted creature's children, destroyed, or worse than destroyed, his wife, and consumed his home and crops by fire—then, to crown the whole with a good jest—as a broad farce at the playhouse is often made to follow a bloody tragedy—then, let an Archbishop with grave face, for the very essence of burlesque is gravity—let the good, holy, yet funny man approach the ruins, and with the end of his crosier write these three words in the ashes—Glory, Liberty, Civilisation.

The Archbishop continues:—

"When we looked on the devastated and uncultivated fields, *our hearts were broken*; we lamented the *misery* of those tribes who inhabit *miserable huts*, and who are strangers alike to arts, science, and the benefits of agriculture, which are the glory of our beautiful country."

The sorrow of the French infantry was, we have no doubt, as the droll priest states, truly heart-rending. In many instances, the poor soldiers were so blinded by their tears, they could not see whether they bayonnetted men or women, or both: and then, not, being able to endure even the sight of the "miserable huts," they—out of the very softness of their natures—set fire to them.

The Archbishop arrives at a beautiful "but:—"

"*But* these tribes have by instinct the greatest respect for the ministers even of that religion which is not their own. The hope of seeing them one day as happy as yourselves gave us courage."

Instinct—we have the authority of *Falstaff*—is a strange quality. Hence, it may induce the tribes to respect the ministers of that faith which the Arab holds in utter abhorrence. "Beware of instinct," says *Falstaff*. Strange and manifold are its vagaries, and this, quoted by the Archbishop verily the strangest.

"Since *the way has been opened* by the valour of our soldiers, *religion* has come and made their conquests fruitful."

Thus, according to the humorous Archbishop, the bearded pioneer, with axe and saw, is the true gentleman usher—the only efficient person to open the way—for religion. Mother Church must ride upon a piece of artillery; or she may go behind a dragoon, like a butter-woman upon a pillion. Blow breaches in walls—"open a way" over the dying and the dead—and then, sweet religion, with swinging censers, will walk through. A fine sight this! And yet we never heard of campaigns in Galilee. We never yet saw a piece of ordinance with a *Christus me fecit!*

The Archbishop goes on:—

"I perceive in the midst of this assembly men destined to live in camps, and to march in the midst of perils and the hazards of battle. Do not think that religious sentiments belong exclusively to the peaceful inhabitants of towns and the country. The bravest soldiers can do nothing without them."

They cannot—in the meaning of the Archbishop—wound, slay, burn, act the human devil upon earth, without "religious sentiments." Following out the principle laid out by the jocose Churchman, the very best wadding for the murderous musket would be—a leaf of the Bible.

The Archbishop, like a true wag, crowns his humour with a story:—

"Napoleon, one day being surrounded by his staff and all his most devoted companions in arms, was asked what had been the finest day of his life; and, as he was silent, some said it was the day of Austerlitz, others, that of the Pyramids. At last, pressed by questions, he answered, 'It was the *day of my first communion*.'"

Imagine the bronze eye and immovable cheek of the imperial Moloch when he uttered this: yet first it is necessary to get over the greater difficulty, namely, to believe that he ever *did* utter it. But Napoleon was not a fool: he knew too well the value of hypocrisy to throw it away upon "companions in arms;" he might have talked to a Bishop in such fashion, but not to *ses vieux mous-taches*.

Hear the Archiepiscopal peroration:—

"In whatever position you are placed, *keep up religion!* it alone can ensure the repose of the soul; it is the tie of communication between the creature and the Creator;

by it consolation is received from that Father who loves us with such a tender love, and *who wishes us to live like the members of one family.*"

And to that end, teach the stubborn part of the family "ideas of glory, liberty, and civilisation." To effect which, it may be necessary to be somewhat strict in discipline; a little stringent. Never mind that; you can still "keep up religion." Invade a country, but still keep up religion. Slay, violate, murder, and destroy, and carry away some of the family in bondage. These are inevitable accidents; you can still keep up religion. And when gorged and spent with slaughter, and black as fiends from the blazing bones of infidels, you may then smile sweetly in the face of heaven, and laying your bloody hands upon the Gospel, taste the true content of Christians, for you have—in the Archbishop's sense at least—kept up religion!

Is not the said Archbishop a pleasant person? Can we wonder at the vivacity of Young France, when her grey-haired priests are thus waggish?

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Two privates of the Foot Guards have lately been preaching at the Obelisk, near the Elephant and Castle; and this, too, in defiance of the celebrated apophthegm of the Duke of Wellington, that "men who are *nice* about religion, have no business to be soldiers."—*Ibid.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham. Including Autobiographical Conversations and Correspondence. By JOHN BOWRING. (Forming parts 19, 20, and 21 of his edition of Bentham's Works.) 8vo. Edinburgh: 1842-3.

WE noticed the most considerable of Bentham's writings as they appeared; so that now there is little left for us to do with this ponderous collection, except to sum up upon its general merits. But for this we are not yet prepared: and, from the aspect of the banquet, we rather think that our readers will neither sit down without us, nor lose a great deal by the delay. But the life of Bentham, which is annexed to the collection, is a pleasant novelty. Those who have

cared about his writings, will be interested in the intellectual history of their philosopher; while those who know him only by name, may nevertheless be amused by a character which Ben Jonson might have studied as a "humour," and perhaps immortalized in a play.

All biography which has a touch of nature in it must be popular. In our ignorance of most of what is passing in each other's minds, we press forward full of sympathy and curiosity, wherever an opening is made at which we can look in. To create this attraction, it is not necessary that the persons should be important, or the events dramatic. Our interest, however, naturally grows with the consequence or notoriety of the parties. We like to see the great player off the stage, in his plain clothes. We follow the public man into private life, in the hope that we shall understand him better, and perhaps find in him something of a higher nature. These causes combine with others, to make it a frequent subject of regret that little or nothing of the lives and characters of the most eminent men has been preserved to us.

Bentham, we are happy to say, has taken care that, in his case, no regret of this kind should exist. The principal materials for his biography are supplied by himself. He, moreover, charged his estate with the expense of publication; and appointed Dr. Bowring his biographer. Dr. Bowring was made literary executor with the fullest powers. What he opened, was to be open; what he shut, was to be shut. It is a distinction to be proud of. The party which gloried in the name of Bentham, contained within its following many men of greater political and literary celebrity. Dr. Bowring was, nevertheless, selected from among them by their common master, as the person on whose judgment and attainments, character and affection, he had most reliance. Bentham certainly did not undervalue the importance of the post, when he placed Dr. Bowring at the head of the Utilitarian party, as his personal representative. Under these circumstances we do not presume to question the Doctor's qualifications, positive or comparative; but take the point as settled by the authority best entitled to determine it.

Notwithstanding this, we are afraid the present Memoir is not likely to be very successful as a piece of biography. The fault is probably partly in the subject, partly in the execution. Dr. Bowring had the drawing of a great picture left to him. But he had too many irons in the fire to put into his

work a sufficient amount of thought and labour. On the other hand, there were difficulties about the work itself which no thought and labour could remove. The portrait of a vain man must be ridiculous in its attitudes and smiles; and Bentham's vanity was so excessive as to stop short, but by a very little, of that which sometimes leads to, and almost always indicates, a disordered mind. Bentham says of himself, in one of his latest Memoranda—"I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence." The saying would have been truer if he had selected the particular form of selfishness which is comprised in vanity, and had announced the converse proposition. "I am a benevolent man; but in me, somehow or other, benevolence has taken the shape of vanity." Men will not re-make their natures and alter their sentiments and judgments, in order to put them in conformity with the selfish system of morals. It is true, considerable selfishness may be combined with genius and public spirit, and not impair their nature and effects. But whenever selfishness exceeds a certain point, whether it take the more amiable form which it put on in Bentham's case, or that more unamiable form which, Bentham says, it put on in Mr. Mill's,* mankind, upon discovering it, will cease to pay, even to genius and public spirit, the unqualified homage which we are otherwise delighted to render to them. It is our earnest wish to get at the truth; and, between two truths, to adopt the most favourable one, in regard to the present Memoir. But Bentham's vanity is considerably in our way. He insisted on the grossest flattery from others, only because he had fallen into the evil habit of grossly flattering himself.

But foibles so serious as the extremes of vanity and of dogmatism, may yet be united with excellences of the highest order. And before proceeding further, we are desirous that our readers should clearly understand that this was eminently the case with Bentham. The testimony of Romilly and Dumont is sufficient to remove whatever undue

* Bentham said of Mill, that "his willingness to do good to others, depended too much on his power of making the good done to them subservient to good done to himself. His creed of politics results less from love for the many than from hatred of the few. It is too much under the influence of social and dissocial affection."—*Memoirs of Bentham*, 450.

prejudice our observations, taken by themselves, might raise. There cannot be better witnesses. Both knew Bentham intimately; and if he latterly allowed himself, in some degree, to be estranged from them, through the provocation of vanity or politics, their testimony is only the more conclusive on that account. The evidence of Romilly is from his Diary. He is describing a visit which he paid to Bentham, in 1817, at Ford Abbey. "We found my old and valuable friend passing his time, as he has always been passing it since I have known him, which is now more than thirty years, closely applying himself, for six or eight hours a-day, in writing upon laws and legislation, and in composing his civil and criminal codes; and spending the remaining hours of every day in reading, or taking exercise by way of fitting himself for his labours, or to use his own strangely-invented phraseology, 'taking his ante-jentacular and post-prandial walks,' to prepare himself for his task of codification. There is something burlesque enough in this language; but it is impossible to know Bentham, and to have witnessed his benevolence, his disinterestedness, and the zeal with which he has devoted his whole life to the service of his fellow-creatures, without admiring and revering him."

Jeremy Bentham was born in 1748, and died in 1832. The space between makes a life of upwards of eighty years. Of these, the first thirty were passed in forming his opinions; and the last fifty in expounding them. His history resembles that of other scholars, in being principally the history of his literary labours. It differs mostly in the nature of the task he set himself—that of legislating for mankind—and in his astounding confidence in his genius and success. He appears to have regarded himself at last, as a kind of prophet, with a mission and revelation of his own. So that what he tells us of his childhood, boyhood, and early manhood—of their incidents and coincidences—is often tinged with an air of the wonderful, approaching to superstition. The child will be always more or less the father of the man. But Bentham's commentary on his childhood has reminded us more than once of Owen Glendower's commentary on the ordinary phenomena of nature. The spirit, at least, of both prognostications is very much alike.

His family had nothing in its descent or habits any way ominous of his future calling. Both were as commonplace as possi-

ble. There were Count Bentheims in Westphalia; and there had once been a Bishop Bentham in England. But in Bentham's scorn of saying any thing of the dead, except what is true, he was not at the trouble of going any higher among his ancestors than the last three generations: and their pedigree is made up of a city pawnbroker and two attorneys. A very unlikely genealogy (with those who believe in races) for a philosophical reformer of the law. The household, at the time of his birth, consisted of some female relations—(all female Benthams, he says, were kind and generous)—and of a mother, whom he lost when he was twelve years old; and of whom he never spoke, but as all people speak of mothers who deserve to have them. This family, such as it was, would have got on very well together; but there was also, unluckily, a father in it. The elder Bentham was authoritative, restless, aspiring, and shabby; lucky in his purchases, but remarkably unlucky, even among fathers, in misunderstanding and mismanaging his sons—a talent he had the cruelty to live to exercise for upwards of forty years. It was most unfortunate for all parties, that two sons, such as Jeremy and his brother Samuel, should have been born in such a house. With geniuses of the highest order—the one in legislation, the other in mechanics—they do not appear to have had a pennyworth of common sense, for common life, between them. They might have made the happiness of the home of a Plato and an Archimedes; but what could they do with an ambitious attorney, or he with them? The instinct of genius took them away betimes from gainful arts to ingenious speculations. On which the poor father ran clucking about, bewildered and alarmed, just as a hen, who has been set upon duck's eggs, runs around the pond when her half-fledged brood first rush into the element for which nature has designed them.

Bentham was born with a precocious mind, and a feeble, dwarfish body. The mind and body were so singularly ill sorted, that he was for a long time pointed at as a curiosity. To make matters worse than they had been made by nature, his foolish father gratified himself, by hawking him about as an infant prodigy; and crowded his very nursery with masters in French and music, drawing and dancing. From the persecutions of the nursery the unlucky child was taken away to be ostentatiously hurried through the several stages of public education. He was sent to Westminster between seven and eight; to

Oxford about twelve; and to Lincoln's Inn at about sixteen.

In after life, in distinguishing the residences of his youth into his earth and paradise, his heaven and hell, he gave Westminster the credit of the last of these denominations, and always spoke of Oxford and its system with unmixed aversion. Nothing is mentioned as having been learned at either of these places that was worth learning, except the logical diagram of the Porphyrian tree! Meanwhile, our young philosopher (for he was called so even at school) was teaching himself a lesson, which all are the worse for, but particularly the young. He was falling into the habit of living to himself, and looking little for sympathy with others. "Among unequals what society?" He learned at the same time, as Dr. Bowring tell us, scorn and contempt for other boys. We can easily believe this; for scorn and contempt are the evil geniuses of solitudes and coteries. Bentham was naturally so gentle and benevolent, that scorn and contempt might have been for ever strangers to him, had he but enjoyed the blessing of a wiser father, and a more judicious bringing up. We should not have seen the contradiction of a really affectionate disposition, and a great indifference to the affection of others. We should not have seen almost all intercourse with such friends as*

* George Wilson was Bentham's earliest, and perhaps, on the whole, his most valuable friend. Once when Bentham was drowning, he plunged in and saved him; and he shrank as little from giving him advice as long as there was any hope of his listening to it. In this point of view, his letters to him are excellent, both in their matter and in their manner. They had found each other out when they were both friendless; and Bentham speaks of him in his autobiography as having been his bosom friend. Yet this bosom friend was given up on account of a pitiful misunderstanding about some chambers, which, on quitting the bar, Bentham had let to an insolvent tenant, from whom he could recover neither the chambers nor the rent. "I could not eject him but through the benchers; but the benchers denied me relief. Wilson was a bencher, but he refused me all assistance. This shocked me so much, that I could not afterwards see him with pleasure. *I thought the rascality was characteristic. The lawyer!—the Scotch friend!*" Bentham adds—"In his study of the laws of property, he got hold of some of my phraseology, which was of great use to him." This amusing supposition was probably understood to balance their obligations.

Bentham owes his European fame and usefulness to Dumont. Years ago, while his original writings in English were waste paper, Bossange the Paris publisher, had sold upwards of fifty thousand

Trail, Wilson, Romilly, Dumont, Mill, &c., gradually dropped, one after another, not only with more than philosophical facility, but in almost every instance with a sneer.

When he was not yet two years old, he burst into tears at seeing his mother's disappointment, because he could not eat a cake which she held out to him. At the age of

copies of the French editions. It was impossible to have a more devoted friend, admirer and ally. How could such a friendship fall away? The only explanation which Dr. Bowring offers of Bentham's alienation, is a story about some slight which he conceived Dumont to have put upon his dinners, by contrasting them with the dinners at Lansdowne House! "In 1827 Dumont called on Bentham, who would not see him. I (Dr. Bowring) took the message. 'How he is changed!' said Dumont; 'he won't listen to a word from me.' Bentham refused to come down. He loudly called out, it was hard that Dumont's intrusion should prevent his taking a walk in his own library. 'He does not understand a word of my meaning,' he repeated more than once."—(*Memoirs of Bentham*.) Bentham was a little hard upon himself when he represented Dumont as not understanding his meaning. If Dumont did not understand him, who could hope to do so? And certainly, up to the present time, it is on Dumont's (supposed) translations that the influence and reputation of Bentham principally rest. Vanity is full of contradictions, in its turns and self-delusions. We have here an employer turning away and disowning a popular and long-authorized agent, on the ground of utter incapacity. Nevertheless, when he comes to count up his followers, we find him always swelling the array by reckoning among them the thousands who have put on his cockade upon the word of the agent only. However, Bentham's foreign readers need not be afraid that they have been studying a supposititious work. Before his vanity was irritated, he had made no complaint to Romilly of the translation, except that "he thought what he read very insipid, principally because there was nothing new or striking in the expressions;" while he told the translator himself that he was so satisfied with the additions, that, except in one or two instances, he could not distinguish them from his own composition. This was said of the *Principes*, where the additions are the most numerous and most perilous. Some years before the occurrence of the scene which Dr. Bowring has described, Dumont had discovered, that, notwithstanding all that he had done for Bentham, Bentham would do nothing in return for him. On being employed by his fellow-citizens of Geneva to make a code for them, he had a natural wish, and not a very unnatural expectation, that his old friend and master, the codifier-general for mankind, and who was at that very time advertising on every side for employment, would assist him. Bentham refused. And to make his refusal as painful as possible to a Genevese disciple, grounded it on the narrowness of the sphere—the insignificance of the Athens of the Alps.

People generally like those whom they have served, and are tender of their feelings; and nobo-

three, he was found seated at a table with a huge folio before him on a reading-desk, and a lighted candle on each side of him, absorbed in his studies. The folio was Rapin's "History of England;" and this was not the first day he had been so employed. At the age of six or seven, his moral nature awoke, on the reading of *Telemachus*. If he took

dy ever served another more to the purpose than Bentham, Mill. His services to Dr. Bowring were of the same description, but not greater. He found Mill in great distress—about to emigrate to Caen. He put him into a house, and took him and his family to live with him for the half of every year, for ten years together. Yet, while Mill was under his roof at Ford Abbey, Bentham behaved to him so offensively, that Mill was obliged to propose that they should separate for a time, giving as little publicity as might be to their quarrel, for both their sakes, and more especially for the sake of their common cause. Many, he says, were watching for their halting. He addressed Bentham a very curious letter on this occasion. He touches in it with great skill upon Bentham's interest in doing nothing which may retard the propagation of his principles. He describes himself as his most faithful disciple and most likely successor—and protests that he can see no ground for the umbrage taken, except their long and uninterrupted intimacy, or the fact of his having ridden out a few times in the morning with Mr. Joseph Hume, to see a little of the country. This is, no doubt, a poor cause for quarrel. But what is worse is, to have lived with a man for years, and yet speak of him as Bentham speaks of Mill, on more than one occasion, in the present Memoir. In a common case we should call this base and treacherous. We do not call it so in the case of Bentham. But if such conduct is in accordance with the philosophical system, which Mill regarded as their common cause, it will not tend to make that cause a much more popular one than it is at present. As far as the feeling, or want of feeling, which it evinces was part of Bentham's nature, (and as such a purely personal defect,) the blemish will be a considered a great one or a small one, according to the view which people take of the rights of friendship.

Men live mostly in their understandings; women in their affections. Among men, in proportion as a man becomes more of a philosopher or a philanthropist, and dwells among abstract generalizations and boundless views of the human race, individuals become of less and less importance. If they do not disappear out of sight, they gradually drop almost out of the account. It is difficult for much warmth to be at once concentrated and diffused. We have known more than one instance of ardent zeal for the happiness of the species, and of very little love for any single member of it. Whatever there is of truth in this apology, Bentham is entitled to the benefit of it. A large residue, however, will remain of indifference and scepticism concerning friends—a wearying and a jealousy of them—a readiness to get rid of them, and a power of doing so at little or no cost—beyond what philosophy or philanthropy can explain.

it up as a novel, he had become a philosopher before he laid it down. "That romance," he says, "may be regarded as the foundation stone of my whole character; the starting-post from whence my career of life commenced. The first dawning in my mind of the principle of *utility* may, I think, be traced to it."

At the age of eight, he fell in with a living Fenelon. The masters at Westminster taught him nothing but what was worthless. But a boy slept in the same chamber with him there, who had the gift of inventing stories, the heroes and heroines of which were patterns of beneficence. This happy talent is supposed to have been buried with its possessor in a Cheshire benefice. All that is now known of it is the effect produced by these boyish stories on the character of Bentham, and the honourable place which the quality of effective benevolence afterwards obtained in his moral scale. Thus, at eight years old the ground was well prepared. The direction which these general tendencies might take, was still a question. The uncertainty, however, did not last long. Every thing was brought to a point by the time he was eleven. The human means, through which this delicate question was decided, were the "Memoirs of a Courtesan!" In the hope of breathing into him betimes a little legal ambition, his father had already given him the "Life of Lord Chancellor Clarendon," just published. The comparative indulgence with which Clarendon the statesman is ordinarily treated by him, may perhaps have been unconsciously derived from this early association. But Clarendon the lawyer was discomfited by an unexpected competition. About the same time chance threw into Bentham's hands another autobiography, for which he reserves the name of *precious*. It was that of Constantia Philips. There is an account in it of some scandalous proceedings at Doctors' Commons, by which her husband set aside their marriage. "Ding, dong," says Bentham, "went the tocsin of the law. Tossed from pillar to post was the fair penitent—from Courts Spiritual to Courts Temporal, from Courts Temporal to Courts Spiritual, by Blackstone called Courts Christian; and be it as it may with Christianity in its original form, in this griping, in this screwing, in this eviscerating form—that *Christianity* (as the saying is) *is part and parcel of the law of the land, is but too true*. Lengthy, of course, was the vibration. Particulars of it are not remembered: nor mat-

ters it that they should be. What is remembered is—that while reading and musing, the Demon of Chicane appeared to me in all his hideousness. What followed? I abjured his empire. I vowed war against him. My vow has been accomplished. With what effect, will be acknowledged when I am no more." From some silly rivalry with a friend, who had purchased Cowley's house at Chertsey, Bentham's father bought the house in which Milton resided when he was Cromwell's secretary. It was the same house in which poor Constantia had written these precious memoirs, and delivered them through a wicket in the door. Bentham afterwards became its owner. The fact that these memoirs—in his opinion "the first and not the least effective, in the train of causes in which the works by which his name was most known had their origin"—should have been dated from "the hermitage in which he was to be so long hidden," was a singular coincidence. And he was at least sufficiently impressed by it.

Bentham's philosophical preparations for entering on the offensive would (taken at the scantiest) require a little time. While they were making, he had a wearisome and painful battle to fight at home. His father had been no party to his vow against the Demon of Chicane. On the contrary, he was one of the Demon's most faithful, though humble servants. The menial office of diligently and obsequiously sweeping the steps which lead to the high altar, had been cheered by the beatific day-dream that his son might one day minister at it, in robes pontifical. In his impolitic eagerness to realize this dream as quickly as possible, he had deprived him of the pleasures of childhood; sought to force him into notice by a hundred annoying artifices; and kept him year after year in a succession of false positions. First, making him a little man and a severe student before he left the nursery; and then running over his education post haste, that he might appear on the stage, ready for business, a term or two sooner than his contemporaries. With this view, he now proceeded to transfer him, in his sixteenth year, (the year of his attendance upon Blackstone,) from the lecture-rooms of the university to the more practical atmosphere of Westminster; and the sum of seven shillings was duly paid to the crier of the Court of King's Bench, to secure a student's seat under Lord Mansfield for the term. Fathers are above entering into consultation with their sons' natures; or the

elder Jeremy would have found out by this time, that time and money spent in the attempt of making a practising lawyer out of the younger one, must be time and money thrown away. People are not to be made Lord Chancellors against their will—at least not in cases where the will is so positive as Bentham's. It is a contest in which passive resistance is certain of success. The obvious thing to begin with (as all nominal law-students are well aware) was to refuse to read the books which were recommended to him.

"I went to the bar, as the bear to the stake; I went astray this way and that way. The region of chemistry, amongst other foreign fields, was one in which I wandered. . . . I was, indeed, grossly ignorant. Instead of pursuing any sound studies, or reading any modern books of law, I was sent to read old trash of the seventeenth century; and looked *up* to the huge mountain of law in despair. I can now look *down* upon it, from the heights of utility."

The following anecdote may help to explain Bentham's horror of "the opinion trade," and his preference of codes. It is difficult to guess whereabouts in English law the volumes are to be found, which he has condescended to honour with that sacred title. But, considering the nature of his legal studies, a manuscript case need not have been a very recondite one to have escaped his researches. "A case was brought to me for my opinion. I ransacked all the codes. My opinion was right according to the codes; but it was wrong according to a manuscript unseen by me, and inaccessible to me; a manuscript containing the report of I know not what opinion, said to have been delivered before I was born, and locked up as usual for the purpose of being kept back, or produced, according as occasion served. This incident, the forerunner of so many others, added its fuel to the flame which Constantia had lighted up." A little practice was forced into his hands by friendly attorneys. Little as it was, it was enough to bring him into contact with one or two of the miscellaneous rogueries of the profession. His moral nature took fire at the appearance of being made a party to them. A prospective indignation had been smouldering and gathering within him for many years. It now burst into a blaze. In his "Indications of Lord Eldon," published in 1825, he relates the particulars which offended him on his first attendance before a Master. "These

things and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and as soon as I could obtain my father's permission I did so."

The precise date of Bentham's emancipation from his bodily apprenticeship to the Demon of Chicane, is not set down. Whatever he suffered under the wear and tear of it, he had tried the strength of his character in the struggle; and he withdrew with the proud reflection that, as far as he himself was concerned, he had walked erect in regions where other men bowed with prostrate understandings and corrupted wills. He was now at liberty to proceed uninterruptedly with his preparations for the performance of his vow. His thoughts were falling into order, their object was becoming more positively fixed, and his whole intellectual existence was settling down to its true vocation. We can well understand his calling 1769 a most interesting year. He was then twenty-two; could choose his own books; and the growing maturity of his mind enabled him to find in them more than some of their authors had been aware of. "I was beginning to get gleams of practical philosophy. Montesquieu, Barrington, Beccaria, and Helvetius, but most of all Helvetius, set me on the principle of *utility*. When I had sketched a few vague notions on the subject, I looked delighted at my work. I remember asking myself—Would I take 500*l.* for that sheet of paper? Poor as I was, I answered myself—No; that I would not!" He elsewhere fathers the principle of utility—at least his knowledge of it—upon Hume. A passion for the improvement of mankind had been originally kindled in him by the reading of *Telemachus*. This year he met for the first time, in a pamphlet of Priestly's, with the phrase, *The greatest happiness of the greatest number*. An expression, which he for a long time regarded almost as a charm, did not come to him recommended by the author, in whose works he found it. "Dr. Priestly was no favourite of mine. I thought him cold and assuming." Nevertheless, "by it," he conceived, "light was added to warmth; and the plain and true standard of what was right or wrong in human conduct stood before him." He wrote down a rough outline of the map which is now standing in his *Chrestomathia*—and felt the sensation of Archimedes.

Nature will make its way; and perhaps never so well as under difficulties. When the time arrives for the principle of vegetation to come forth, it seems only to gather strength

from having an English spring to fight against. And wherever hearts and understanding happen to exist, they will be always found, at the great crisis of their development, to be the masters, and not the creatures, of the circumstances in which they are placed. In these cases, circumstances are little more than the occasions which fire a train already laid. It is singular that Bentham—in general the most scornful among the sons of men, and also one of the most original—should have taken the view he takes of his obligations to so second-rate a writer as Helvetius. Notwithstanding his acknowledgments, we cannot think of rating hints from Helvetius a great deal higher than impulses from Constantia Philips. Bentham had been haunted many years with the question, "What is *genius*?" While reading Helvetius, the etymology of the word suggested to him that it must mean *invention*. Helvetius had by this time also taught him that legislation was the most important of all subjects. Then came the further question, "Have I a genius for legislation?" after a short course of self-examination, he fearfully and tremblingly answered, "Yes." Dr. Bowring says that he has noted down this circumstance almost in Bentham's words, as illustrating the fact, that the pursuits of a life may be influenced by a word dropped carelessly from another person.

Bentham proceeded to investigate what it is that constitutes happiness. In due time, he ascertained that happiness is an aggregate composed of pleasures, and of exemption from corresponding pains. Afterwards, on tracing the pedigree of his opinions, he thought it due to Helvetius and Hartley, to commemorate *the probability* that they might have been the first to bring this truth, or truism, to his view. The next step—one of much greater nicety—was to ascertain a mode of calculating the elements or dimensions of value in pains and pleasures, so as to fix the place which they would occupy respectively in a centigrade scale of happiness. This he accomplished by comparing their intensity and duration—after a hint which he is *certain* he took from Beccaria. The scrupulousness of these acknowledgments can only be accounted for on a most exaggerated estimate of the value of the supposed discoveries. And assuredly no exaggeration can well be greater than the declaration of Bentham and of Boliver, that, by means of them, morals became as clear as mathematics. This also is, we suppose, the

meaning of Mr. Burton's statement, that it is only as a *demonstrator* that Bentham can be fairly appreciated. If this had been a correct representation—if, by means of the handbooks of Bentham and his followers, the field of human conduct, in morals, politics, and laws, had become the province of mathematical demonstration—they are indeed discoverers. In that case, all who persevere in standing out against their arguments and conclusions must certainly be either the fools or knaves which they have accordingly been supposed to be.

Bentham's philosophical education was now substantially completed. It consisted in a firm possession of the principle of utility, and in the conviction that, properly used, it must be the master-key to all the shut-up places in moral and legislative science. Upon this basis, accordingly, he commenced author. He found the principle of utility, according to his view of it, faintly recognised and partially acted upon. On the possibility, that the failure of former philosophers to convert the world to an adequate sense of its truth and importance might have arisen from a deficiency in their mode of proving it, he went through the proof anew, in his own fashion. But the failure of his predecessors had not, in point of fact, so much arisen from any uncertainty in their establishment of the principle of utility, as from an uncertainty in the use of it. The chief novelty of his system, therefore, was in his undertaking to remove this last uncertainty; a feat which he proposed accordingly to accomplish, by proving, in the first place, that the principle ought to be applied universally, and to the exclusion of all other principles; and, in the next place, that it could actually be applied in such a manner as to give to its application the certainty of mathematics.

We have placed before our readers a rapid sketch of the first stage of Bentham's intellectual history—the formations of his opinions—how he came to be a Benthamite. The next stage—that of the enunciation of his opinions—will be found in the table of contents of the collected edition of his works, or in the list set forth in Mr. Burton's "*Benthamiana*." Meanwhile, no man's existence is purely intellectual—not even Bentham's. Up to this time, whatever portion of his life was not intellectual, had been, we fear, unhappy. Fortunately, childhood, however crossed, cannot easily be made so. It is full of unseen resources, out of which even infant phenomena cannot be alto-

gether cheated. But as time creeps on, the mischievous consequences of infant hero-worship become more visible. The mischief which is first felt (and which is felt as painfully, if not as lastingly, as any other) is in the reaction. The phenomenon soon ceases to be a phenomenon; or at least ceases to be thought one. Friends get disappointed; and after having spoiled the child, they resent their disappointment upon the man. On the other hand, the man, who has been accustomed to be bragged of as a wonder while a child, feels it to be not only a bitter mortification, but also a grievance and an injury, when, on coming into the world, he is quietly permitted to drop into the crowd. In these instances, unreasonable presumption is seldom succeeded by humility and self-knowledge: it oftener takes the humiliating form of a more unreasonable despair. This was the case with Bentham, and to an extent quite inconceivable.

Eighteen years intervened between the going up of the boy-student to Lincoln's Inn, and Lord Shelburne's calling on the author of the "Fragment on Government" in his garret chambers. At no time during the interval can he have felt that his father's house was indeed his home. It became so less than ever, when in the person of Mrs. Abbott, mother of the late Lord Colchester, a stepmother was set over him. The "dear papa," to whom he wrote from Oxford, is turned into "honoured sir," whenever he is personally addressed; or is ludicrously abbreviated into Q. S. P., (the initials of their residence in Queen Square Place,) in letters to other people. Almost every entry in the diary of the elder Bentham awoke a painful recollection in the son, on looking it over in his latter years. There was either the fatal tyranny of the purse; or a meddling superintendence; or a belief, on the part of the father, that all things in this world were possible by pushing, met by an incapacity in the son for pushing or being pushed. These entries, at one time, recalled some wretched sixpence which had been lent him to pay for a loss at cards, and had been formally recorded against him. His father never gave him money but to play with. "Most true," (he said,) "and that sixpence which I owed my father has never been paid: the statute of limitation saves me in part; my being his executor, wholly." At another time, they reminded him of some impatient visit of inquiry after the progress he was making with his philosophy. "Poor Fils-Jeremy!" (one

of his father's cant names for him,) "how I was tormented! I went on very slowly in my father's conception; but it was the result of dejection of spirits." The truth appears to be, that upon his throwing off his bargain, and treading it under foot, he was regarded as a lost child, and left to penury and solitude. With his habits he ought to have been able to bear his solitude; but he gave way under the abandonment it implied. He had left the beaten track, and taken his own course deliberately. Yet on finding himself alone, he felt as if he had been deserted, or had lost his way. At the chemical lectures of Dr. Fordyce, the only chemical lecturer at that time in London—"the coldest of the cold Scotch," but a believer of every atom of the *Morals and Legislation*—he had picked up George Wilson, not long from Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and as friendless in London as himself. But he had no general acquaintance; and his destitution and his sense of it were so great, that when he lost, through some accidental breach of manners, the privilege of visiting at the country house of a Mr. Mackreth, by whom his society had been a good deal courted, he mourned over the rupture as a real misfortune. Yet the rural Amphytrion he so much regretted, was a retired waiter from Arthur's Club! "Mine," he exclaims, "was truly a miserable life. I had been taken notice of by the great, when a little boy at Westminster School, for I was an object of praise from the earliest time of which I have any recollection. That filled me with ambition. But I met with all sorts of rebukes and disappointments till I was asked to Bowood."

Bentham's antipathy to law and lawyers had not enabled him to withstand the fascination* of Lord Mansfield. But Lord Mansfield was content with lauding the *Fragment on Government* out of spite to Blackstone, while he took no notice of its author. Not so Lord Shelburne. Although "Lord Shelburne had introduced Blackstone to the king: (it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances: his book was then 'the truth!') yet when the *Fragment* ap-

* Bentham was perfectly bewitched by the grace and dignity and *grimghiber* of Lord Mansfield. He frequently walked to Caen Wood, in the hope of falling in by chance with a word or a look from him; and, on one occasion, he even joined a friend in deploring the loss of his MSS. by the mob. There is an allusion to this weakness of his youth in a penitent memorandum:—"I should now think such a loss a gain."

peared, Lord Shelburn patronized the Fragment, which seemed better 'truth.' " In the state of moral despondency into which Bentham had drooped, merely to have patronised the book would have done him comparatively little good. What he was in want of was a patron for himself; that somebody or other should take him up, of sufficient consequence in society for their countenance to restore him to himself and to the world, with both of which he had fallen out. Neither the malady nor the cure belong to heroic natures. Samuel Johnson, "vamper up (as Bentham calls him) of the commonplaces of morality," had a spirit raised above these weaknesses—even when walking the streets of London, not only without fame, but also without food! It is painful to think that such infirmities should have been introduced into Bentham's vigorous character by evil training; on the other hand it is a comfort, since the want existed, that a patron of the right sort should have been found by accident, in Lord Shelburne. Bentham was invited to Bowood, and was domesticated there for considerable periods, almost as a member of the family.

Bentham came to Bowood terribly unmanned: in his own words—"cowed by his past humiliations; feeling like an outcast in the world." Among his numerous obligations to Lord Shelburne (and he had a pleasure in expatiating on them) the first and greatest was—the making him a man again. "He raised me from the bottomless pit of humiliation. He made me feel I was something." This required not only some time and much kindness, but, with Bentham's suspicious and wayward temper, a good deal of discretion and contrivance. As soon as Lord Shelburne had flattered him into the belief that he was of importance to him, the cure may be considered to have been performed. His recovery would be assisted by the mere animation of the scene. The crowds of company which pass through a great house in the country during its periods of reception, made a brilliant parenthesis in his monotonous existence. It must have been the more exhilarating to him, from its dropping down upon him so unexpectedly between his two solitudes—the solitude of necessity out of which he came, and the solitude of choice to which he was to return. "Though not its existence, my attachment to the great cause of mankind received its first encouragement and its first development in the affections I found in that heart, and the

company I found in that house! Amongst the friendships it gave me was Dumont's; one that it helped to form was Romilly's." The friendship of the good—a spirit of philanthropy which had been deadening under neglect, but which was revived and invigorated by the social warmth of congenial natures—are things to thank God and man for—blessings well worth tracing through their channel and to their source.

Lord Shelburne had sufficient originality of mind to recognize it and admire it in others, and to make the necessary allowances for the simplicity and flights—or flightiness, which so frequently accompany it. He professed himself "awe-struck" with Bentham's *Morals and Legislation*; and if his authority upon such subjects had had the influence he wished with his legal friends, Lord Ashburton and Lord Camden, they would not have turned coldly from it, on account of their difficulty in understanding it. He read also, "with the highest glee," the work on *Judicial Establishments*, which Bentham afterwards addressed to the Constituent Assembly of France; and entered warmly into the cosmopolitan sympathies of the author. He sought to communicate his zeal even to the ladies of his family, by reading to them in the evening what Bentham calls the driest of his dry metaphysics. His ladies probably took as little interest in the metaphysics of jurisprudence as his lawyers had done. But they were desirous, one and all, to co-operate in making Bowood agreeable to their guest. Every thing went on for a while delightfully; until at last they discovered, when it was too late, that among them, they had overdone their kindness. He mistook the nature of the encouragement he was receiving. In an evil hour for all parties, love first, and afterwards ambition sprang up, and got the better of philosophy and friendship.

The waters which ambition ruffled were soon smooth again, at least to the outward eye. Unfortunately, love is not so easily turned back. It is one of the mysteries of the softer passion, that a man absorbed in severe studies, and wonderfully easy in his friendships, should have preserved, through the drudgery of forty years, an ardour and a constancy seldom found except in the sonnets of Petrarch or the pages of a novel. Some of the correspondence which grew out of it has found its way into these volumes. If our female readers should care to turn to it, they will find a letter from the lady so full of sense and goodness, that as many of them as

may ever have occasion to reject a man of genius, cannot do better than take it as a model. We have room only for two or three sentences from one of his love-letters. The date of it is April 1827. It was his last, as well it might be: and there is a kindly mixture of tenderness and pride in his octogenarian farewell.

"I am alive: more than two months advanced in my eightieth year—more lively than when you presented me, in ceremony, with the flower on the green lawn. Since that day not a single one has passed (not to speak of nights) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. Yet take me all in all, I am more lively now than then. . . . You will not, I hope, be ashamed of me. The last letter I received from Spanish America (it was in the present year) I was styled *Legislador del Mundo*, and petitioned for a code of laws. Every minute of my life has been long counted; and now I am plagued with remorse at the minutes which I have suffered you to steal from me. In proportion as I am a friend to mankind, (if such I am, as I endeavour to be,) you, if within my reach, would be an enemy."

This disappointment must have aggravated the native peculiarities of his character. Several notes and circumstances scattered over the Memoir show the irritation it kept up. It had probably a good deal to do towards turning him again into a recluse. But the double fountains of pain and pleasure lie near each other in the human heart. We wish, therefore, to believe that this tender passage in the life of Bentham may not have made it, on the whole, a much less happy one; while the writings which he left behind him are, of themselves, conclusive evidence that he could not have led a much more busy one, even if the science of jurisprudence had been his only mistress. Of course, with this arrow at his heart, his visits at Bowood were at an end, and a painful embarrassment must have been introduced by it into his familiar intercourse with Lord Shelburne. Nevertheless, to the day of his death, he loved to dwell upon his happy days at Bowood, as the happiest of his life.

We have said nothing as yet about Bentham's political opinions. They had passed through two important changes. The Toryism he had been born and bred in was the lowest form of it—Jacobitism, only once removed. "Loyalty and virtue were then synonymous terms" with him. His first con-

version consisted in the adoption of liberal principles, without passing beyond the limits of the British Constitution. His second took place late in life, and consisted in adopting the principles of Radicalism and Republicanism in their widest extent.

He began the politics of his boyhood with an idolatry of Lord Mansfield, and a "perfect abhorrence" of Wilkes. "I hated him for his opposition to the king." He lived to hate the king far worse, and to think much more meanly of him than Wilkes had done. Bentham, when grown up, took a decided part against America in the War of Independence; and could see no better reason for America breaking out than any other part of the country.* He coolly mentions, that his mechanical brother and himself were once engaged in a scheme for sending "a sort of present to the American House of Representatives, which was to explode." But he lived to rejoice at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and to send the French Legislative Assembly quantities of political advice, in the wish of preventing, if possible, that dreadful national explosion, which nevertheless ultimately took place in France, and shook the world. During great part of his life, Bentham was of opinion, that, "with judicious and impartial minds, the English Constitution stood, perhaps, at no great distance from the summit of perfection." He lived, however, to be convinced that a Monarchy and House of Lords are purely mischievous; that safety is only to be found in a Republican form of government; and that the legislative authority, even in a Republic, should be lodged exclusively in a single Chamber.

Most persons who have thought upon the subject, will agree with Bentham in looking upon governments as simply so much mechanism for making useful laws. He lived to abhor Pope's celebrated contempt. Yet, for some time, he seems to have left it to

* "The American colonies really said nothing to justify their Revolution. They thought not of *utility*, and *use* was against them. Now, utility was the sole ground of defence. What a state the human mind was in in those days! I was not then sufficiently advanced in the study of government to show the true grounds of opposition."—(1827.) Bentham thought no better afterwards of the French Declaration of Rights in 1791, than he had thought of the American Declaration of Independence of 1776. The principle of his critical examination, entitled "Anarchical Fallacies," applies equally to both.

fools to contest what was the best form of government. His business with government was as a law-reformer only; and he found them all in equal need of his assistance. The *corpus juris*—the whole body of laws, civil and criminal, under which men are living—appeared to him every where equally unsound. At least the difference was a difference too small to be worth talking about. All governments being thus in equal need of his assistance, the first question for him to settle was—Whether they were equally disposed to take it? In his eyes, the best form of government would, of course, be that which afforded him the greatest probability of getting in his wedge. If, in this respect, there should not be much to choose between them, it would follow as a consequence, that with his views, and for his purpose, they were pretty much alike. As far as the question could be considered to be a question of experience, the affirmative might plausibly be maintained. Legislatures are political combinations of different degrees of merit, and are necessary for the purpose of giving the authoritative sanction of law to legislative propositions. But they are every where incapable themselves of directing legislation in questions lying out of the common course. In questions relating to any important part of the body of the law, Solons and Tribonians of some sort must be applied to. These are usually common lawyers, (they may well be called so)—workmen content to keep behind the scenes and do the joiner-work assigned them. But the work of splicing, patching, and propping up, must come to an end sooner or later. When time has brought this necessity to the door of a nation, and a whole system has to be examined, taken down, and reconstructed, the law-makers then wanted are of a higher order. In countries where the crisis has occurred, and been admitted, law-makers (in proportion as they were worthy of the name) have hitherto found themselves fully as acceptable in the cabinets of “single-seated” sovereigns as in the halls of popular assemblies. If there has been any difference in their welcome and success at different places and seasons, it cannot fairly be ascribed to any difference in the forms of government under which the national law-advisers have appeared. Therefore, before Bentham could have expected that it was to be otherwise with him, he must, in the first place, have recognised the existence of some characteristic difference between his predecessors and himself, sufficient to explain

the difference in his reception. He did this at last. But as all the difference he would ever see between his predecessors and himself was in his own favour, it was late in the day before this new light broke in upon him. The variableness in the principles of former lawgivers enabled them to adapt their legislation to every form of government. His logical adherence to the greatest happiness principle would make his legislation suitable only to one.

The preface to Dumont's edition of the *Principes* was written, accordingly, on Bentham's original supposition, and was remarkable for its latitudinarian appeal to governments of all descriptions. The great jurist would be encouraged in, what we certainly think, a very rash indifference to forms of government by his peculiar position. He lived for many years in hourly expectation of being called in to legislate for them by one or all of the nations of the earth; and was in correspondence with almost every species of political ruler—English and Russian, French and Spanish, Americans both of the North and of the South. As long as he had any hope of being set to work by such opposite employers,* he would be on his guard (even

* Bentham brightened up on small encouragements. He was introduced to Dr. Bowring in 1820, on the faith of Spain being in immediate want of a regenerating legislator. The new acquaintance rose rapidly to the post of first favourite, upon the supposition that the splendid office was in some manner at his disposal. Bentham wrote to him immediately in his usual strain—a mixture of the serious and burlesque: Dear Sir—Now that you have taken me under your protection, there are some hopes for me. I am a hard-working, pains-taking man—a law-maker by trade—a shoemaker is a better one by half—not very well to do in the world at present—wish to get on a little—have served seven apprenticeships and not opened shop yet—make goods upon a new pattern—would be glad to give satisfaction—any thing that may be thought wanting in quality should be made up for in cheapness—under your favour, could get up some choice articles for the Spanish market.” Having failed to make any thing of Corteses, he relapsed in 1827 into a temporary belief in kings; and, on a speech upon law-reform by the King of Bavaria, the gallant octogenarian opened a correspondence with him at once with unabated confidence—“Sir, I am that Bentham,” &c. Disappointed here again, but not disheartened, he ventured an attack upon the Duke of Wellington the following year:—“Lord Duke—Listen to me: your name will—ay, shall be greater than Cromwell's. Already you are, as in his day he was, the hero of war. Listen to me and you will be what he tried to be, but could not make himself—the hero of peace—of that peace which is the child of Justice.

supposing his political opinions to have been more pronounced than we have any reason to believe to have been the case) against so proclaiming them, as by any possibility to prejudice himself with them in his character of juridical reformer. He was kept in a sort of Fool's Paradise of this kind for many years; the dupe at home of even the soft hands and silver tongue of Lord Sidmouth; and repeating over to himself and others the name which Lord St. Helens had given him of "the Newton of Legislation," in the fond belief that in time it might pass current even in a British Parliament. By degrees these hopes clouded over.

From the account which Romilly gives of Bentham's habits ever since he had known him, although his life was a long one, its story is soon told. One day telleth another. Its only variations were—a visit to his brother at Crichoff, in White Russia—twenty years of panopticon negotiations with the Government at home, for the office of responsible architect and overseer to all the jails and workhouses in the kingdom—and a greater degree of probability, some years than others, that some one of the many governments which were nibbling at his codes would really bite. The visit to Crichoff was, we think, an unlucky circumstance. General Bentham was nine years younger than his brother, and had been in part his pupil. His head was so full of mechanical contrivances that Jeremy called him Archimedes; and if he did not belie him, when, on mentioning his scholarship, he said, "he made Greek verses in the spring, and Latin verses in the autumn," he must have been nearly as eccentric as Jeremy himself. The loneliness of the place threw back our half-reclaimed recluse into his solitary ways. From George Wilson's letters, it appears he had gone off despising England; and it was no easy matter to prevail upon him to return. Wilson

After subduing the three kingdoms he attacked the army of lawyers. They repulsed him. They were too many for him. About sixty years ago I deserted from it, and have been carrying on against them a guerilla war ever since. I have got together a body, which is every day augmenting. I am now on the point of attacking them in force. The *matériel* of my army may be seen in the volume accompanying this, entitled, "Justice and Codification Petitions." We wonder what the Duke thought of this? His chancellor would explain it to him. His answer was at least courteous enough to encourage Bentham to write him a remonstrance afterwards, (beginning, "Ill-advised man,") on his duel with Lord Winchelsea.

at last succeeded in getting his friend back, by severe reproaches upon his constitutional infirmities; by telling him that a rival every way worthy of him, had appeared, during his absence, in his own departments—a person of the name of Paley; and by frightening him with a false report, that his father was muddling away his property. His brother had originally gone to Russia as a traveller only; but, being found possessed of rare talents, he had been arrested, put into office, and succeeded. During his panopticon troubles, Bentham must have sometimes regretted that a similar act of gentle violence had not been repeated upon himself. The worst consequence of his visit to his mechanical brother was, that he brought home with him the model of a panopticon, together with a passion for constructing one and superintending it. It became a Pandora's box to him; what his calculating machine has been made to Mr. Babbage—a cause of daily fretting, inadequately compensated by distant glimpses of usefulness and fame. Bentham undertook to pay so much a-head for every patient who should die in his penitentiary over and above the average mortality; the same for every prisoner who, after being discharged from the penitentiary, should be found guilty of offending against the law. We do not wonder that a committee of the House of Commons should finally report against investing an individual with the powers necessarily implied in a contract of this nature; such as the control of education, the power of imposing permanent marks for personal identification,* &c. But no wise and just Government would have kept a philanthropical projector twenty years in hot-water, before it made up its mind upon objections which were the same on the first day of the twenty years as on the last. The public suffered almost as much as Bentham from these negotiations, since Milbank Penitentiary grew out of them. Wilberforce had stood throughout by Bentham (the friend, and in this instance the follower, of Howard) against Rose's coarseness, and Pitt's procrastination. His account of these cruel official dealings,

* "In panopticon, personal identification marks was a sheet-anchor; my plan was, by all imaginable and lawful means, (rather than fail—of which I had little apprehension—I would almost have hazarded unlawful ones,) to get the prisoners to submit to it as part of the uniform of the establishment; and, to prevent its being considered as a punishment or a hardship, I intended to have set the example in my own person, and, if possible, in those of my subordinates."—(Letter, 1804.)

with the circumstances of which he was thoroughly acquainted, is really touching:—

“Never was any one worse used than Bentham. I have seen the tears run down the cheeks of that strong-minded man through vexation at the pressing importunity of creditors, and the insolence of official underlings, when, day after day, he was begging, at the Treasury for what was indeed a mere matter of right. How indignant did I often feel when I saw him thus treated by men infinitely his inferiors! I could have extinguished them. He was quite soured by it; and I have no doubt that many of his harsh opinions afterwards were the fruit of this ill treatment. ‘A fit site,’ at last wrote the weary man, ‘obtainable for my purpose, without a single dissentient voice, is that of the golden tree and the singing water, and, after a three years’ consideration, I beg to be excused searching for it.’”

This state of things might probably be a part of the “severe external pressure” which Bentham afterwards was thinking of, as among the causes which produced the change in his political opinions. On recommencing politician in 1814, his Radicalism is first observable. It was only the *year before* that he had reluctantly received the sum of twenty-three thousand pounds in compensation of the non-fulfilment of the contracts which had been made with him about panopticon:—“Oh, how grating—how odious to me, is this wretched business of *compensation*! Forced, after twenty years of oppression—forced to join myself to the *Baal-peor* of blood-suckers, and contribute to the impoverishment of that public, to which, in the way of economy, as well as so many other ways, I had such well-grounded assurance of being permitted to render some signal service.” Bentham left behind him a history of the progress and failure of the panopticon scheme, entitled “History of the War between Jeremy Bentham and George the Third. By one of the Belligerents.” A single passage from it will show the effect which his disappointment had produced upon him:—

“As to the criminally offending part of the population, no tamer of elephants had a better grounded anticipation of the success of his management than I had of mine, as applied to the offending school of my scholars. Learned and right honourable judges I would not then have undertaken—I would not now undertake, to tame; learned gentlemen in full practice I would not have undertaken to tame; noble lords I would not have undertaken to

tame; honourable gentlemen I would not have undertaken to tame. As to learned judges under the existing system, I have shown to demonstration, nor has that demonstration ever been contested, nor will it ever be contested, that (not to speak of malevolence and benevolence) the most maleficent of the men whom they consign to the gallows, is, in comparison with those by whom this disposition is made of them, not maleficent, but beneficent.”

It is a pity that any body, so well worth seeing and knowing as Bentham, should have been so difficult to see and know. Dr. Bowring is not much of a Boswell. But it is plain from Bentham’s memoranda and his letters, that he must have been a most amusing person;—as picturesque in his conversation as in his dress, and in his hundred funny ways. You would have no difficulty in making out his hermitage. A blind man could get there from the directions with which he provided General Santander. You will be as sure, too, of finding him at home, as of finding Robinson Crusoe in his island. Like Franklin in appearance: his white hair long and flowing; his neck bare; in a quaker-cut coat, list shoes, and white worsted stockings drawn over his breeches’ knees. Looking into his garden, you will see him trotting along upon an “ante-prandial circumgyration”—stopping to admire the flowers he is so fond of—or making a stranger stoop before a slab, “sacred to Milton, prince of poets.” In-doors is his “workshop,” where he also dines; its raised platform, its “vibratory ditch,” its “caroccio,” and its organ, the green curtain pinned over with slips of paper—being notes, taken at the moment, of incidental thoughts, which he is to locate and collate at a future time: lastly the arm-chair, set out for a single visiter—from an excellent maxim, that whenever you want to know either man or woman, a third person is in the way. But the hermit is not without guests; creatures and creations of his own. There is his stick, “*Dapple*,” which is laid upon the shoulders of honoured visitors, in friendly knighthood, on meet occasions. There is “*Dickey*,” the sacred tea-pot, regularly put upon the lamp to sing; and all his varieties of song and humour regularly and graciously acknowledged. Last, not least, come the most important personages in the household, (of as much consequence as the “reprobates” themselves, for so he called his secretaries,) favourite *Pussies*; the most distinguished of whom bore the name of Lang-

borne. Bentham boasted he had made a man of him. He was first raised to the dignity of Sir John. As he got older, he was put into the Church; and he was the Rev. Dr. John Langborne at the time he died. It is charming to see affections which have been stopped up in their natural course among humankind, vindicate themselves and overflow in the direction of dumb animals. Who would not have had a pleasure in hearing the venerable jurist recounting his love for a beautiful pig at Hendon—and for a young ass of great symmetry and promise at Ford Abbey; how he fondled it, and it fondled him? Wilson and Romilly (he used to say) had the same taste. “Romilly kept a noble puss before he came into great business. Our love for pussies—our mutual respect for animals—was a bond of union. I love every thing that has four legs; so did G. Wilson. We were fond of mice and fond of cats; but it was difficult to reconcile the two affections. The *mouses* used to run up his back, and eat the powder and pomatum from his hair. They used also to run up my knees when I went to see him. I remember they did so to Lord Glenbervie, who thought it odd.” We have seen no such picture since Cowper and his hares.

Bentham was no respecter of persons among his own species. He had outlived his wish to be taken notice of by lords, and had gone as much into the cosmopolitan extreme. In the excitement of 1831, he busied himself with the formation of a Parliamentary Candidate Society. His selection of the right man at an election does not seem to have been his *forte*. Abroad, he had been voted a French citizen by the Legislative Assembly. The only use he ever made of his franchise was, at the time, generously to protest against their proscription, and afterwards to vote Bonaparte consul for life. It is as good as a comedy to hear what candidates he recommended. He was particularly desirous for the nomination of Rammohun Roy, the Hindoo reformer, a half-caste and a negro. It must not be supposed that he sought to put into the Commons’ House any body he was unwilling to see in his own. Here is one of his private dinner parties:—“I should like to invite a Yankee and a Negro, a lord and a beggar, to my table.” As to lords, he said, “Those who live with them, and by describing their doings, and looking at their titles, pretend to know what they are—know only what they say. I, who might have lived with them, and would not live with them—and who neither know

nor care what they say—know (and without living with them) what they think.” There was nothing he could not at once believe of “the hirelings of the law—purchasable male prostitutes.” The higher they got, the worse only they were. He mentions as a curious fact, (“one to beat the heads of the lawyers with, when they talk of ancient common law and virtuous judges,”) that he had discovered, among the statutes of the reign of Henry VI.th, that the judges of that day had laid a plot for getting all the land in the kingdom, (like the priests,) by outlawing whom they liked. Priests, of course, are not to expect to be in better odour with him. “Once upon a time, in Westminster Hall, a man whose object was to be hired to give false testimony, used (says a current story) to make known his purpose by walking to and fro with a straw in his shoe. In every Established Church, the sacerdotal habit of a priest is the straw in the shoe.” Hopkins, the witch-finder, could not have been cleverer in finding out a witch, than Bentham was in finding out an atheist. He appears to have been particularly successful among the Bishops. He mentions three by name.

All Bentham’s tastes, excepting music, were of a grave kind. As to poetry, his own account of the matter is, that he never read it with enjoyment; and he told young ladies it was a great misapplication of their time. When he admits, therefore, to having read Milton, “the prince of poets,” as a duty—the duty, we must suppose, was an obligation on him, not as an utilitarian, but as living in a house in which Milton once had lived. The “Paradise Lost” had only frightened him as a child. As to pictures, all he remembered about a famous day with his father and Sir Joshua Reynolds was, that “there was a great talk about painting, and about *his* painting: but I knew nothing about painting, and care nothing about him. His Una I remember sitting in a queer posture, and without a chair.”

Bentham was of a sanguine nature—dying in harness, and confident to the last. His vocation followed him even into his sleep. “When I am in good health,” he said, “I dream that I am a master among disciples.” These dreams by night were the natural exhalations of his dreams by day. He had made up his mind, not only that he was to legislate for the statute-book of the United States, but for their public opinion tribunal also; so much so, that he reckoned on succeeding in putting down “their cardinal vice”

of duelling. In 1829 he gave the Duke of Wellington to understand, that he was so far known and heeded there, that if he lived two years longer, or at the utmost three, he should be very much disappointed if he had not stayed that plague. In this, as in many other instances, an ignorance of human nature was at the bottom of Bentham's overconfidence. Dr. Bowring says that his bashfulness clung to him through life like a cold garment; "and that there was never a man so desirous of shunning others, unless some strong sense of duty subdued his natural tendency to seclusion." We could not wish for a stronger example than he has afforded in his own person, of the many disadvantages that must follow from sending mankind to Coventry in this manner. A knowledge of men is indispensable for all who profess to teach them, and to make laws for them; and it is out of the question to think of getting at any sufficient knowledge of them by logical deductions from a few principles. Whatever Bentham might cry out to the contrary from the recesses of his hermitage, to know people you must live with them, and observe the many causes by which even our most reasonable expectations are constantly defeated.

A consequence of Bentham's ignorance of human nature, except in its great outlines, was the striking difference which exists between his genius and his talents. The boldness, originality, and comprehensiveness of his views of a whole system, throw only a stronger light upon his failures, and upon the absurdities into which he falls so frequently on proceeding to fill up its details and practically apply them. Hence the variety of his practicable and ludicrous suggestions, both of measures incapable of being carried into effect, and of words all but incapable of being pronounced. The strange language which he invented, was the result of considerable pains as well as deliberation. When he had once adopted it, laughing at it only made him the more obstinate in placing it among his most valuable inventions. From the clatter that is made about the several amendments, it might be supposed that the science of morals depended, at one time, upon the change of the word utility into the expression of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and, at another, in abbreviating this last expression into the shorter form of the greatest happiness. One of Dumont's sins was, that he would stick to the old word utility; for which, accordingly, his master honoured him with the epithets of *old and bigoted*. We

will only mention one of Bentham's coinages. Instead of saying Great Britain and Ireland, (which keeps up a separation between the two countries,) it is proposed that the name of the United Kingdoms should be consolidated into one word, *Brit-Hibernia*. This might be worth trying—if, upon our doing so, O'Connell (in consideration of *Hibernia* plainly having the larger half of the new title) would consent to desist from agitating for a repeal of the Union of the two islands; scarcely otherwise. Bentham began at first, and as a boy, to put down his thoughts in French, in order to avoid all trouble about style. There were only the thoughts to think of, when he was writing in a language, in which he knew that, whatever pains he took with it, he must yet write ill. Notwithstanding this account of his beginning, it looks like a very crotchety return to the Norman-French of our black-letter reporters, when we find him persevering afterwards in drawing up his codes in French. His papers were mostly, in what he no doubt truly enough called, dog-French or English-French, when he handed them over to be turned into Geneva-French by his friend Dumont. The true solution of this singular phenomenon must be looked for, we conclude, in his despair of ever getting an English audience. On this supposition, it was not unnatural to resolve, that the best thing he could do, would be to begin at once himself with the nearest approximation he could make to the language best understood by those out of whom, whatsoever readers he was to have, most probably would come. We cannot but regret that he did not begin to work out his original speculations on his first experiment, of putting them into a code in his mother tongue. The more he shut up his mind and speech in the work he was about, and the form in which he was doing it for other people, there was so much the greater chance of his going wrong. The evil habit he thus got into, of living to, and of writing by himself, led to another—that of putting aside his twelve or fifteen folio pages of daily composition as fast as they were written, and of never looking at them again. What followed was natural even with his memory. He wasted a prodigious quantity of honest work in going over the same subject again and again. It is too soon to say what his chests of MSS. may reveal. We shall see, when they get to the British Museum; in case Mr. Burton's information is correct, and they are on their way there.

Bentham was born in a stirring age, and had the merit of leading its movement upon a most momentous subject. In a note to his own copy of the *Fragment on Government*, he has put his claim to the gratitude of mankind upon the true foundation. "This was the very first publication by which men at large were invited to break loose from the trammels of authority and ancestor-wisdom, on the field of law." Not only did he strike the first blow: that might have been forgotten. He continued striking, loud and long, upon the same place, for nearly sixty years—and *that* the face;—since it really was these "*face-blows*," as O'Connell calls them in one of his letters, which by their audacity were the great cause of destroying the superstition with which the law was regarded. Independent of a radical incompatibility between the philosophical and historical schools of law, great difference of opinion must be expected to exist on the ability Bentham has manifested for building up a commonwealth and its laws from his own resources. But nobody, who is at all conversant with the history of legislation, and has taken any interest in its improvement, will question the vast merit of his services—in the spirit which he roused, and the principles which he planted. Such services are not the less real, because the practical application of his doctrines must be much more gradual and special than suited the uncompromising temper and systematizing genius of their ardent teacher. We shall have another opportunity of estimating these services. Meantime, it would be pleasant to believe that, while he was conferring upon others services so much out of the common way, he was leading a happy life himself. He ought to have done so; for most of the main elements of happiness, both from within and from without, were mixed up in his cup in more than their average proportions. A medical friend should be good authority on this point; and we gladly dismiss our doubts on the authority of his funeral panegyric by Dr. Southwood Smith. A treatise *De Senectute* by Bentham would not have taken exactly the same points as Cicero's. Yet the picture of his life gets brighter as we get on; and his old age was evidently a great improvement on his youth. As far as we have the means of judging, the most serious damage which was done to his happiness and his character, must be referred to the same cause at both periods—that voracious Vanity, which grew only the more exorbitant in its demands the more preposter-

ously it was ministered to. An old man may be spoiled as much as a child; and spoiled people, at all ages, will be nearly equal losers both in agreeableness and in enjoyment.

Bentham lived beyond the ordinary age of man, and latterly in almost uninterrupted good health. For the last half of his life, his easy circumstances enabled him to satisfy not only all the simple wants his philosophy acknowledged, but many of his projects of utilitarian aggrandizement. He was a great thinker on great subjects; and might have been a great wit but for his passion for caricature, and his resolution not to be bullied out of liberty of taste by the literary tyranny of your Addisons and Swifts. The zeal of his disciples placed him in quiet possession of the pleasures of a most fertile authorship without much of its drudgery. He poured forth his thoughts on paper, and stowed them away as fast as they were written off; while intelligent believers in the Written Word translated his manuscripts into French and English, and volunteered the labour of revision, redaction, arrangement, and publication.

As usual with him, a love of mankind, and an admiration of himself, went hand in hand in his object and its details. The first thing to be done, was to collect and enshrine his written wisdom—the spirit of the inner man; for this, nothing more was needed than a complete edition of his writings, and a memoir of his life. It is to directions to this effect that we owe the voluminous publication mentioned at the head of this article. So far, his preparations for immortality are not unlike what other people might have made,—at least such authors as are fortunate enough to leave behind them assets sufficient to command a printer. But Bentham was far too original to stop here. The Venetian gentleman, who gave directions for tying crackers to the weepers of the mourners, and amused his deathbed by imagining the confusion into which, when they went off, they would throw his funeral, is the most suitable comparison that occurs to us—the image of Bentham almost superintending the stuffing of his own body, entertaining his visitors by taking out of his pocket the eyes which were to adorn it, and pleasing his fancy with the part he was to take, (a silent guest,) with Dapple in his hand, at the great utilitarian festival on Founder's day. There is something to our mind of the philanthropic ambition of a Howard, and the comic vivacity of Punch—a vivacity irrepressible even by death

—in his testamentary instructions upon this subject. He ordains by will that the form of his outward man should be kept together, and preserved (as far as science can preserve our poor anatomies) in the attitude in which he sat when engaged in thought—his black coat, chair, and staff as usual; and he suggests that his disciples should meet, once a-year or oftener, to commemorate the founder of the greatest happiness system of morals and legislation, on which occasion his executor is to wheel him in, to be stationed in such part of the room as to the assembled company shall seem meet.

Should Bentham return to the earth in person, severe mortifications are, we are afraid, in store for him. He would find himself, it is true, sitting as above, in a glass case, at Dr. Southwood Smith's; but he would find no anniversary on foot, such as the followers of Epicurus, his great forerunner, celebrated in honour of their chief. Half of the twenty years he spoke of, are already gone; and no approach is making towards the legislative despotism he aspired after. Not a star from the East—not even a speck in the horizon. De Tocqueville may be right, and the world may be drifting onwards to democratical institutions; while, on the other hand, Benthamism may be going down. The *Westminster Review* was set up by Bentham in 1823, at his proper charges, for the propagation of his own glory and utilitarian opinions. What would he think of finding there some fifty pages, (from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Grote,) appropriated to a question no more nearly touching the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers, than the solution of the classical problem—whether such a person as Hercules ever existed. “Our Bickersteth,”—who approved of every word of the “Equity Court Dispatch Bill”—instead of being the great Radical law Reformer, has become himself a Law Lord;—of all objects upon earth, the object of Bentham's most particular abhorrence. The fanaticism of the first converts has by this time greatly cooled. Within two or three years of his death, Mr. James Mill (who had been a kind of English Dumont to him) had so far withdrawn his allegiance from the dead lion as to deny that he had ever called him master.* While Mr. John Mill, who had been presented to him by his father as an heir of promise, to whom the rising generation of Utilitarians were to

look, has broken away from their narrow training, and asserted his philosophical independence. In this light truly, is the author of the most remarkable work on Logic of recent times, “a successor worthy of both of them,” and in a higher sense than they intended.* The present memoir is not calculated, from any pains bestowed upon it, to flatter the vanity of the subject of it, or create in him a confidence in earthly friendships. The worst, however, of his provocations, on returning back among us, would probably be the sight of the many volumes to which the memoir is attached. With their close print, small type, and double columns—incomplete, incorrect, and ill arranged—they can never be the publication which Bentham intended to bequeath. We see in them no signs of the Encyclopædical tree by which his literary executor, it was supposed, might profit, in the arrangement of the first entire edition of his works. What Bentham meant his representatives to publish, was a complete edition of them. The present is indeed called so; but it is no such thing. There are large omissions, both of his published and unpublished writings. What he must have also meant, was a book within the possibility of being read—at least by readers of Bentham; not a monumental repository, in which the opinions of the writer are buried out of sight—typographically interred.

* Letter of 1812, (472, *Memoir*.)

EMIGRATION IN RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg gives some account of an emigration, on a large scale, which is going on in the heart of the Russian empire; and presents, as the writer observes, a great resemblance to the migrations of the primitive races of the world. The movement in question aims at distributing the Crown peasants,—amounting to about twelve millions in number, and constituting thus a fifth of the entire Russian population, over those vast tracts of uncultivated land which are held, as yet, by a thin and scattered population. The emigrants of the best character are sent into the Transcaucasian provinces, where the climate is mild and the soil fertile. But, “in truth,” says the writer, “none of these unfortunate beings are voluntary emigrants. They are all, more or less, the victims of a system of despotism which disposes, at its caprice, of the human species, as of cattle who are driven in herds wherever their owners will.”

* Compare *Fragment on Mackintosh* (124) with *Letter*, (482, *Memoir*.)

From the (London) Art-Union.

MEMORIES OF PICTURES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

FLAXMAN'S PORTRAIT.

AMONG the greatest treats a lover of Art can enjoy is a visit to the British Institution, to renew acquaintance (the word is far too cold a one) with pictures it is a privilege to look upon—old friends you have glanced at in days “*lang syne*” in some private collection, where you had not, or were not allowed, time to linger, but whose countenances you have never forgotten. It is a noble banquet—permitting us to revel among the glories of dead, yet ever-living, masters. In the middle room is a gathering of immortal minds of many countries. In the south room are collected the glories of our own land: here are the works of Gainsborough, Hilton, and Opie; Harlowe, Hogarth, and Lawrence; and others whom it is an honour to name—not a perplexing host of pictures, but a sufficient number to delight all eyes and occupy all minds, for there are paintings to please all tastes—to cultivate knowledge, to awaken high thoughts. On one side of the south room is a dark, unostentatious, portrait. I had seen it many years ago, and never forgot the high, broad-set forehead, and the deep and expressive eyes. Do not let the fascination of Lady Hamilton, or the brilliancy of the “*Lady*” near her with smiles as bright as sunbeams, and lips like roses, draw away your attention from that noble head; you cannot fail to observe that the compressed mouth is full of the silence, imposed, not by secrecy or churlishness, but by great and excursive thought; that the pallid cheek and unrefreshed tone of the whole face, bear evidence of hard labour, and the workings of a mind—none higher or holier to be found in broad, triumphant England. Yet the lower portion of the face has a pained, an *anguished* look—a look of discontent—which never could have belonged to JOHN FLAXMAN. I have written the name with a feeling nearly allied to reverence—such as I cannot describe. It is a privilege to possess his published works, and frequently to recall the sensations they create, filling the mind as well as the imagination. I do not venture even a thought of compressing into this brief paper aught approaching a biography, or a regular numbering of his wonderful productions; all I dare hope is,

that some may be induced to contemplate with me, the beautiful and harmonious combination in this eminent man's unsullied character—of the most elevated Christian principles, and the noblest range of highest Art. Every day adds to his disciples; although it took a very long time to convince our foreign-loving country of the mighty genius of that great good man—a long long time before we acknowledged that a pale weakly boy, a boy so sickly that his childish days were spent on crutches, and his studio was a little padded chair at the back of his father's counter—it took, indeed, a long and a weary time to convince us of what a large portion of Europe had previously proclaimed loudly—that the delicate, fragile child had grown into the IMMORTAL MAN.

While his father was wandering from town to town in the provinces, his wife—his first wife—gave birth, in the good city of York, to the after illustrator of Homer. Two or three years subsequent to this event the elder Flaxman was located in New-street, Covent-garden. But though Flaxman's father was obliged to keep a small shop to sell casts of his own manufacture, his fore-fathers bore brave arms, and shed brave blood in the field of Naseby! It is strange to feel a pleasure in writing this, when John Flaxman, by the power of his own genius, has achieved more real honour by its exercise than any of his name; but, despite our philosophic reasoning, there is no man who has had brave ancestors who is not proud thereof; although glory may be but the “*hatchment*” that “*hangs over the dull and mouldering tomb,*” still a hatchment is a token of ancestry, and is valued accordingly. We have no right to speak lightly of the greatness of those who led in the path of honour or the field of triumph; and I doubt not the memory of those Puritan struggles had somewhat to do with the elevated and severely *true* character of many of the Miltonic conceptions of Flaxman.

A clergyman of the name of Mathew, a gentleman who fostered Art, and loved what he fostered, relates his first interview with the already-inspired child: his words must be quoted—they could not be improved:—“*I went to Flaxman's shop to have a figure repaired, and whilst I was standing there I heard a child cough, behind the counter; I looked over, and there I saw a little boy, seated on a small chair, with a large chair*

before him, on which lay a book he was reading. His fine eyes and beautiful forehead interested me, and I said, 'What book is that?' He raised himself on his crutches, bowed, and said, 'Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it.' 'Ay, indeed,' I answered, 'you are a fine boy, but this is not the proper book; I'll bring you a right one to-morrow.' I did as I promised; and the acquaintance thus casually begun ripened into one of the best friendships of my life." Theodore Hook had a favourite proverb—which he loved to quote and write—and sadly could he testify its truth: it was—"Wrong never comes right." May we not say that "Right never comes wrong?" The feeling which obliged the clergyman to look over the counter when the child coughed, was right; the bringing the book, when promised, was right; the beautiful friendship which ensued, was not that right? Was it not greatly right when Mr. Mathew took the young Flaxman frequently to his house, and when Mrs. Mathew read aloud and commented on the pictorial beauty of Homer, while the boy, warmed by such kindness into strength, sat by her side embodying the most striking passages, or those that most vividly awoke an imagination as deep and pure as that which flowed in the ancient verse. He was no more than eleven years old when Mr. Mathew first brought him to his house, where he first saw Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Montague and others, who impressed him with ideas of the value and dignity of literature; and there was far more *prestige* about the literature of those days than in our own unstarched times: female literature—sailing about in feathers and hoops and powder, and large fans—must have seemed very extraordinary to the boy, just emerged from behind the counter of his father's shop. The child, even then, doubtless distinguished the real from the unreal, and could separate the talent from the fashion. Bee-like, he seemed to have had the power of extracting honey from all things, for his works (holy manifestations of his genius!) are altogether free from every species of what may be termed "the mode." Struck by the quiet grace and beauty of these boyish sketches, the youth rejoiced over a commission before he entered the Royal Academy as a pupil, which he did when in his fifteenth year. In 1770 he exhibited a figure of Neptune, in wax; in 1827, the statue of John Kemble, in marble.

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Fifty-seven years between these periods—fifty-seven years!—how long an age to look forward to! how short a time upon which to look back! In the early part of his career, when a sudden burst of health invigorated his feeble limbs, and enabled him to joy in all the independent vigour of successful industry—the healthiest and happiest tonic that genius ever quaffed—he laboured during the day with mallet and chisel, or in more pliant plaster, and designed for the Wedgewoods all that rendered their manufacture so beautiful. His relaxation was the accomplished society I have named, where his pencil translated into our vernacular the poetry of the mighty ones of old.

It is delightful to observe how equally the elements were mixed in the mind of this truly great man. If annoyed in one way, he found consolation in another; he laboured without murmuring through the day, and enjoyed his evenings with an enlarged heart; and when he married Miss Anne Denman, it has been said that in their union the church performed a miracle, blending them really into one flesh and blood. It was a very peevish, ill-tempered thing of Sir Joshua, to tell the sculptor that, "because he was married he was spoiled for an artist." He little knew—old bachelor that he was—how much it is in a woman's power to strengthen her husband's exertions—by words of encouragement in those moments of despondency, when the very activity of the mind causes it to faint; by turning a deaf ear to a hasty word, but opening both ears and heart to every word of kindness; by strict yet not mean economy; by learning enough of whatever art he lives by, to value his exertions, and teaching herself an interest in his pursuits, even if she do not at first understand them. Such a wife was Anne Denman to John Flaxman; and no wonder was it that his small house in Wardour street, enriched by such a presence, became noted for its serene elegance as well as its abundant MIND.

But Flaxman, when he had acquired the means, longed to see, and study in, immortal Rome. His classic appetite hungered for that classic food which can be obtained only there, and she who shared his thoughts and feelings desired equally to attain the object of his wishes. How they enjoyed their residence abroad may be imagined, but cannot be described. It was while there that Mr. Flaxman perfected his illustrations

of Homer, and also illustrated Æschylus and Dante. He saturated his fancy with the spirit of the days of old, but must have always found it easier to imagine than to copy. His communications from Rome were not extensive; they are, we believe, in the possession of Miss Denman, Mrs. Flaxman's sister, who has also a number of Flaxman's unpublished drawings, every line of which is a lesson. This lady possesses the small MS. volume, which is still, unfortunately for the world, only MS. Allan Cunningham mentions it in his life of the sculptor, and perhaps, as a woman, I love Flaxman all the more for the deep, delicate love he bore his wife. This is evidenced—among a thousand other evidences—by this little book made expressly for her.*

Surely Mrs. Flaxman was prouder of so holy a tribute than if a kingdom, with all its mightiness and impurities had been laid at her feet. Much profit may all derive from an acquaintance not only with this great man's works, but from the study and contemplation of his character; it passes all ordinary delight when feeling that the man who achieved such distinction was not only great in talent, but *morally worthy*—all honour to his name! He is the finest example in the records of Art to set before the young; whether we remember how his mind, persevering, clear, and confirmed, as it was, lifted him out of the heaviness of a weakly constitution—or consider the serene industry, so dignified and pains-taking, which taught him to elevate the homely cups and bowls manufactured by Wedgwood into elegant and classic shapes—one of the surest means of multiplying taste. Nothing can be more

* "On the first page is drawn a dove with an olive branch in its mouth; an angel on the right and an angel on the left, and between them is written 'To Anne Flaxman;' below, two hands are clasped as at the altar, two cherubs bear a garland, and the following inscription to his wife introduces the subject:—'The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight errant's adventures, indicate the trials of Virtue and the conquest over Vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. After the hero is called to the spiritual world and blest with a celestial union, he is armed with power for the exercise of his ministry; and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence, he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as Universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy.—JOHN FLAXMAN, October the 2nd, 1796.'"—Allan Cunningham.

instructive than to view Flaxman in the morning, bestowing Etruscan beauty on a milk-jug,—proving that what genius adopts can never be considered "common or unclean,"—and silently at night embodying the finest conceptions of our greatest poets. And what a beautiful lesson does not his patience impart! When Engleheart received the gold medal—which the voice of all his brother students awarded Flaxman—he was hiding his pale and tearful face, but resolving none the less, to proceed, like his own Penelope, to the Ithaca of his heart and fortunes.

The fame of his drawings spread abroad; their severe yet hallowed purity, their elevated character, their simplicity conveying by a few strokes of an almost inspired pencil what others, less richly endowed, would have taken pages to portray!

The volumes of his art should form a portion of every library, not to be carefully "put by," but rendered familiar. I saw the other day, in my own room, two young girls set aside a volume of French costumes to turn over and over again his "Odyssey," which, perhaps, for austere simplicity, is the most exquisite of his productions. Let those who examine the leaves of this precious volume remember that for these designs Flaxman received—twenty-one shillings each! The *Comte Evêque* of Derry, after they were known, gave him a commission, the subject from "Ovid's Metamorphoses," four figures of the heroic size, Flaxman agreed to do for the sum of £600! He worked night and day, and though he lost several hundred pounds by his work, his high heart made no complaint, nor did the Earl of Bristol!—Lord Bishop of Derry!—go beyond his bargain!

He was one of those rare persons, fashioned so completely in the image of his Maker that the temptations and distinctions of the world, commonly so called, were too worthless in his eyes to be considered temptations; and his love and charity were equal to his refinement and moral dignity. He was neither a fanatic nor a sceptic. He was proud of his Christian privileges, and his great ambition was to decorate the sacred temples of his faith by the exercise of his art. Piety, real and unostentatious, produced its natural fruit. Flaxman was never dazzled by false lights, and never bowed to a coarse patronage; he was no tuft hunter—no runner in the train of "our nobility;" no bower to a mere rank which had not the power to ennoble its

possessor. His thoughts were as much above the world as his works were in advance of his time; he was HOLY in every thought and deed; Christian in spirit, and in act; meek, because he was *above* all worldly pride and littleness of feeling!

I can never forget the awe I felt at Petworth when contemplating his "St. Michael subduing Satan." I have been in the gallery where it stands, at all hours, and seen it in all lights—the ardour and energy of the archangel, contrasted so magnificently with the craft and malignity of the demon, that it was impossible not to feel it as the power of good triumphant over the power of evil.

With a perfect appreciation of the rich treat I was about to enjoy I entered the house, which the good taste of Miss Denman (Mrs. Flaxman's youngest sister,) has converted into a shrine—a positive temple of Flaxman art. Relievoes and figures, rich as rare, grace the hall and staircase; and when you enter the drawing-room, objects of deep interest dazzle you—dazzle is not the word to express what you must feel, at least what I felt—there was so much of calm and holy beauty, so much of the pure and true on every side, that I was bewildered by excess of enjoyment, and could hardly breathe or speak. The shield of Achilles is like a glory in the midst—that immortal work, the perfection of classic and anatomical knowledge, steeped in the rich poetry of an imagination as pure as it was fervid.

Indeed, any one of the works in that favoured room would stamp its author as a man of genius—any one of them would create a reputation. There was the small model of the archangel Michael and Satan—one of the immortalities of England; the "Acts of Mercy;" a Cupid and Psyche of unsurpassed loveliness; a model of Mrs. Tighe's exquisite monument: some that I knew—and to know is to honour—others I had only heard of—all grouped by the hands of affection, and arranged with the taste which is twin-born of knowledge. Then, there are portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, by Howard; her's full of intellectual tenderness, the perfection of womanly expression; his, strikingly Miltonic; but, when Miss Denman showed me a miniature of himself, painted *by his own hand*, the likeness to Milton's portraits, and the *ideal* of Milton, was still more startling. This miniature, independent of the interest attached to it as a faithful like-

ness, is a most singular memento of the versatility of the sculptor's talent.

I pored over the little volume described by Allan Cunningham, and a holy and touching allegory it is. It seems to have been Mr. Flaxman's object to make his "Knight of the Burning Cross"* fulfil all the duties which our Saviour enjoined; and it is not, I think, too much to say, that he perfectly succeeded. It is sad indeed to think that this, as well as many others of his glorious sketches, are shut up from the world, which is now becoming more worthy of them. Abroad, an Italian family—I think the Pirolis—support themselves by the sale of engravings taken from his designs.† It was really wonderful to see the delicate cups and chessmen, modelled by Flaxman for Wedgwood—delicate, as if designed by fairy fingers—so pencilled and minute, that they acquire new beauty when examined through a magnifying glass; and then to look at the shield, or the archangel, and remember they were produced by the one comprehensive mind and the one powerful, yet delicate hand!

I feel, and feel painfully, how feeble must be all I can say of Mr. Flaxman to those who remember him; yet there are many whose hearts would leap high at being able to see what I have seen.

His mortal remains are buried in the church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; the inscription on his tomb is simple and true—his character was beyond all eloquence:—

"JOHN FLAXMAN, R. A., P. S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality. His angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of

* In many things "the child is father to the man." There is an anecdote which relates that, when a very young boy, Mr. Flaxman was so delighted with the romance of "Don Quixote," that he got himself a little sword, and sallied forth into Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens—without a squire—in search of adventures; but finding none, returned, half heart-broken, at meeting no damsel in distress, or any one with whom he could prove his strength and chivalry. This chivalry of spirit remained with him to the last—one of the ennobling principles of his mind.

† Yet so little have they been estimated here, that they may be purchased in this country for something like half the original price, being among the "Remainders" in the establishment of Mr. Bohn in Covent-garden; the outlines from Dante are, we believe, the property of Mr. Nattali, of Bedford-street, Covent-garden, and may be had for two guineas instead of four. What artist, with two guineas in the world he can call his own, would be without them?

December, 1826, in the 72d year of his age."

Let us go thither on a holy pilgrimage. Men have travelled thousands of miles to visit shrines dedicated to far less veritable heroes! Let the young Artist stand beside his grave, and make a vow to be GREAT, like him—if he can be; to be GOOD, like him—as he may be!

From Frazers' Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

PART III.

THE cannon had ceased to roar; the still bleeding victims of revolutionary fury had been collected together in the hospitals; the dead had been hastily interred in large but shallow graves, dug near the Louvre, the Marché des Innocens, and the Champs de Mars; the tocsin no longer rang its heart-sickening sounds in the ears of the Parisian population; the soldiers bivouacked in the public streets and places of the metropolis; boys and girls recounted some of the marvels of valour and some of the deeds of peril and courage they themselves, or their comrades, had accomplished; a provisional government had installed itself at the Hotel de Ville; the paving-stones still stood in shapeless heaps, and, dignified with the name of "barricades," were the favourite lounging spots of the "*Flaneurs*" of Paris; the warehouses were yet closed, the manufactories were still deserted, the public schools and colleges were as empty as a new-made tomb; the palaces were yet open to the heavy and unceremonious tread of the populace; the public buildings were guarded by self-armed, self-elected, civic forces; and Lafayette was hesitating, both with regard to his own position, and with relation to that of the Orleans' family, when suddenly a voice was heard every where, proceeding from every quarter, though uttering different tones, and that one voice said, "WE MUST HAVE A KING!" It may be asked from whom did that voice proceed? My answer is, *From nearly every one*. I was an eye-witness of all that passed! I mixed with all ranks and classes. No event of the slightest importance escaped my observation and inquiries. I saw the peers,

the deputies, and even the marshals, the generals, and the officers, of all grades and degrees, who knew not, on the field of battle what fear meant, now trembling with anxiety and apprehension at the probable consequences of the victory of the populace, and all proclaiming in the most decisive manner, though fluctuating between hope and fear, that *they must have a king!*

The terrible journey of the whole of the Paris rabble to Rambouillet, alarmed every man in the country who had a home to love, a wife to cherish, or property to preserve. There were multitudes who had not forgotten the butcheries enacted during the first revolution, and the character of the Rambouillet procession was such as to give great cause for uneasiness and anxiety. I shall never forget the preparations in Paris for that march of the mob. Every description of vehicle, both public and private, was seized by the common people. No permission was asked, no vested interests were regarded; possession was not merely "nine points of the law," but the whole of the law, with those who resolved to repair to Rambouillet, in order to drive from the shores of France the descendants of St. Louis. I remember I was amongst the victims, for whilst proceeding across the *Place Louis Seize* my cabriolet was surrounded by twenty armed ruffians, but they politely directed me to descend. I remonstrated. It was as useless as to preach order and peace to the roaring billows. "*Il faut descendre*," was the only reply that reached me. "Your name?" asked an inspector, or chief of the rebels. I replied by stating it. "Your address, age, profession, or occupation?" I was also asked, and my replies were as laconic as the questions which were propounded. "Your cabriolet and horse shall be returned to you within eight days," said the chief, and three fellows, each armed with a gun and a sword, jumped into the vehicle, and left me disgusted and perplexed. What mattered this to them? They struck up the first stanza of the "*Marseillaise*" as they rattled off in double-quick time up the Avenue de Neuilly, whilst I tried to hum my old favourite consoler of "Begone, dull care!" The night on which that expedition took place was one of intense anxiety at Paris. The Royalists of the old dynasty firmly believed that King Charles X., the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, the Duchess of Berry, and the Duke de Bordeaux, would be massacred; but what could *they* do to prevent it? They con-

trived, indeed, to forewarn his majesty, and they urged him to escape. The royalists of the new school, or, in plain terms, such men as Guizot, Perier, Athalin, Bugeaud, and Lefebvre, dreaded the Rambouillet movement because they feared that their country might be once more disgraced by revolutionary murders. The men who conducted the enterprise, and were responsible for its success, were not without uneasiness, lest they should not be able to keep within bounds "*the madness of the people*," while such men as Dubourg would have rejoiced once more to have wreaked their vengeance against the Bourbons by the perpetration of great crimes.

In such a state of excitement and frenzy, the eldest branch had not a moment to lose; but those who desired to see the Revolution of 1830 free from the atrocities of 1793, were not less pressing for a revolution; and as they dreaded the word "*Republic*" infinitely more than they did that of "*empire*," they joined in the general cry to which I have already referred, viz. "*We must, we will, have a king.*"

I remember when the Duc de Ragusa retreated from the interior of Paris on the 29th of July, with his discomfited and dejected troops, I approached him in the Champs Elysées, and respectfully inquired, "M. le Maréchal, is all finished, then, that your troops retire?" "No, sir," replied the veteran, "we shall bombard Paris to-morrow." The duke had said this during the whole line of his march, and the news, or the threat, spread like wildfire. The few hours which succeeded that report were gloomy and trembling ones, indeed, to the Parisians; but not so gloomy as those during which uncertainty prevailed on the one great question of "Who should be king?" I have said in my "*Reminiscences of Lafayette*" that the old general had it not in his power, as some have ignorantly thought, to create either a republic or an empire, or to continue a constitutional monarchy in France. The shouts of "*Vive la liberté!*" were invariably mingled with those of "*Vive la Charte!*" and if the Parisians had not perceived in the then Duke of Orleans the very man of all others raised up to fill a vacant throne, and save France from anarchy and wo, they would have desired even the monarchy of the eldest branch, and have submitted to the ordinances of Charles X. had Marmont carried his threat of bombardment into execution. There was an universal horror, both felt and expressed,

at the mere mention of "*republic!*" I say this from no party feeling, nor as the result of any personal prejudice or antipathy, but it is a fact, that Lafayette, with all his popularity with the masses, with all the aid of the schools, with all his influence with the "*Jeu-nesse*," and with all his then omnipotence in regard to the National Guards, could not have successfully opposed the general fixed determination of "*We must have a king.*"

Now *why* was this? Was it that the French were attached, as a nation, to their old race of kings? Certainly not! Was it that they believed that a constitutional monarchy was most favourable to the developement and enjoyment of rational liberty? By no means. Was it that they were not really in earnest in making their revolution of three days, and that, indeed, they already regretted their resistance? No, I cannot say that. Why was it, then, that this cry of "*We must have a king*" seemed to be the general expression of a great, of a national want? My answer is this. 1st, The Parisians had acquired much of property, and enjoyed much of ease under the Restoration, and they believed that any other form of government would, at least, put that property in peril. This was a primary consideration with them. 2d, The Parisians were convinced that if the republican form of government should be adopted, there would be re-enacted scenes of violence and bloodshed. And 3d, The Parisians were satisfied that the establishment of any other than a monarchical form of government in France would lead to a general European war, for which that country was wholly unprepared. It was not that the Parisians were averse to war; it was not that they were satisfied with the boundaries to which France was limited by the treaties of Vienna; it was not that they had ceased to sigh for the Rhine, for Savoy, or for the Alps. Oh! no; but they knew that the Restoration had been a period of such ease, peace, and repose; that France was not in a condition, speaking both navally and militarily, to go to war. Undoubtedly, Lafayette took great pains to cause it to be believed that France could place a million of soldiers on the frontiers in a few weeks, or months; but the attempt at deception did not succeed, and, therefore, the first cry was "*A king, and peace.*"

I am anxious to establish this proposition, and I will add this truth at the commencement of this third and last part of my "*Reminiscences*" of Louis Philippe, because the

whole of the policy of his majesty, viz. that of peace, and the recognition of existing treaties was based upon it. When, then, I proceeded to examine the public and notorious, as well as the secret and less known measures of the head of the new dynasty, I shall refer to this fact of the non-preparedness of France for war, and of the existence of a general, if not universal impression, that war would be ruinous, since the king acted on that impression, entertaining it likewise himself.

France, then, at the end of July 1830, had made a revolution, had driven away the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, had proclaimed the necessity for peace, and had demanded a king. I shall, probably, be told that so far from France desiring peace, the moving and agitating portion of the nation wished for war! But of how small a number did that agitating portion consist? Hare-brained students, reckless *proletaires*, wandering St. Simonians, the members of secret societies, clubbists, phalansterians; these, these were the component parts of the war faction. But, on the other side, what was to be seen? The whole, or nearly so, of the National Guards of France arming themselves to preserve peace both at home and abroad; the public funds always declining the moment any event appeared likely to lead to war; the middling and upper classes protesting, almost to a man against war; and none encouraging it but the factions I have referred to, except, indeed, the Legitimists, who wished for a foreign invasion in order to secure the triumph of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. I remember to have been much struck in the earlier period of the existence of the new French dynasty at a *soirée* I passed at the house of M. Mauguin, the deputy, with the extraordinary similarity of views on the question of "war or peace" which existed between the republican and the legitimist chiefs. At this *soirée* men of all parties were present, *provided they were opposed to the government*. All joined in calling that government cowardly, mean, and traitorous, exclusively because it would not make war against Europe for abstract principles. I ventured to ask, if Europe should be engaged in that warfare, what was the result proposed to be attained? "The overthrow of that which exists," was the reply. "We shall wholly differ as to the government which ought to succeed, that which now oppresses and irritates, disgraces and dishonours us; but we all concur in

the duty of overthrowing the government of Louis Philippe." This was the language of a deputy who has since greatly distinguished himself in the revolutionary party, and who is still an able member of the lower house. But at this same *soirée* at M. Mauguin's the agents of the then King of Holland, the defenders of the cause of Don Miguel, and the most sincere and devoted friends of the ex-French dynasty, were likewise present, and all made use of similar language to that which I have just cited. The war party, in all cases, had no idea of improving the physical, social, moral, or political condition of France, but desired war as the certain means of overthrowing Louis Philippe, who, on his part, was resolved to keep faith with Europe, to maintain the then existing pacific relations, and to fulfil the conditions imposed on the French people and government, by the treaties of Vienna.

The war party was not a large one numerically; but it made up for its deficiency in this respect by its violence, audacity, combination, and perseverance. This party accused the Restoration of having neglected the interests of France, because that country was not in a position, after fifteen years of peace, to resist, by land and by sea, the combined forces of Europe. How truly absurd was this! The men who brought forward the accusation had been, during the period of which I am speaking, the foremost to require the *reduction* of the army and the navy, the diminution of the standing expenses of the country, and the suppression of a vast number of posts and offices connected with the defence of the empire. When, therefore, the Revolution of July 1830 arrived, and when the leaders of the war party perceived that they were unable to convince the country that France was in a position to defend herself against foreign aggression, these same preachers of economy, these parers down of salaries, offices, and forces, turned round upon the Restoration, and accused it forsooth, of being anti-national! Yet what could be more absurd than this reproach? During fifteen years of comparative peace, the governments of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X. had wisely sought to maintain a just proportion between the exigencies of the state and the numbers of land and sea forces. In other words, the army and navy were placed on a peace footing, and so strong were the convictions of both the monarchs and their advisers that revolution at home was impossi-

ble, and that war abroad was not probable, that even, though the events of Spain, Greece, and Algiers, required occasionally extra levies and additional supplies, still the ordinary military and naval forces for the fifteen years of Bourbon government, from 1815 to 1830, were very moderate, though amply sufficient. If the Restoration had maintained large armies and navies, it would have been accused of extravagance; yet because it pursued a different line of conduct, it was said to be anti-national! "*La France est un soldat!*" exclaimed the eloquent and poetic Chateaubriand, and he knew how to strike a popular chord, which was sure of vibrating when he said this. But Chateaubriand knew quite well that France could not have gone to war against Europe with the forces which she possessed in 1830, and he knew that when the demagogues of that period called for war they had no other desire than confusion and overthrow.

I have thus endeavoured to show that the Restoration could not be justly blamed for the small number of forces prepared to enter the field of conflict when the events of 1830 once more brought the war party into notice and importance. The Restoration sought to maintain peace, whilst the Revolution was said to be made "*to tear into atoms the treaties of Vienna!*" I know it has been said that the government of Charles X., and especially the Prince de Polignac, had entertained projects hostile to the peace of Belgium, under the sway of the ever-to-be-admired and regretted ex-king of the Pays-bas; and I know it has been declared by the war faction that papers were found by the first minister of foreign affairs, after the Restoration of July 1830, in the *cartoons* of the French foreign office, which proved that the court and royal family of France had cherished serious thoughts of annexing Belgium to the former country by means of encouraging a revolution against the *Protestant* King of Holland. That the De Guiches, the Martainvilles, the Peyronnets, the De Polignacs, and the ultra-papist party in France, viewed with horror the fact of a Protestant monarch reigning in Belgium I do not, for a moment, question; and that they would secretly have encouraged any Romanist movement for his overthrow I am prepared to admit, but that Louis XVIII., Charles X., or even the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, were parties to any secret organisation of such a movement, I most unhesitatingly deny. I repeat,

then, that the government of the Restoration was essentially orderly and pacific; that it did not, therefore, require an immense standing army; that to have maintained such an army would have been senseless, considering the character of the policy of the government; and, finally, that it did not entertain any plans, or desire the triumph of any system in Europe which would have required much larger forces to support, or carry into execution.

This, then, was the state of men, parties, and principles, and this the condition of France, of her army and navy, when one general voice declared, "*We must have a king!*" But *who* was the king to be selected? Justice and right pointed to the Duke of Bordeaux. His grandfather and his uncle had abdicated. Their acts of abdication could not be disputed; but they could not abdicate for Henry V., and his hereditary rights undoubtedly existed. How was it, then, that those rights were kept in the back-ground, were only asserted and developed by Berryer, De Conny, and De Chateaubriand, and were allowed to be set at nought without any very serious or determined resistance? This is the next question to which I shall address myself as intimately connected with the reign of Louis Philippe. In the first place, Charles X. and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême were *physically* afraid of the Revolution. They had been induced to believe that the ordinances of July 1830 would lead to nothing more than an insurrection, more or less serious, but to an insurrection which would be suppressed without much difficulty or any great loss of life. When, then, the cannon were heard to roar in Paris at the Château of St. Cloud, the fact did not create much anxiety, and certainly no alarm. When, on the Thursday of the Revolution week, the Duke d'Angoulême broke the sword of the Duke de Ragusa in a fit of passion and disappointment, it was because he was so wholly unprepared for such a result as defeat, as to be for the moment convinced that the cause of the king had been betrayed. From that moment Charles X. and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême became frantic with fear, and the acts of abdication were signed at Rambouillet under apprehensions the most painful, and in states of mind and agitation almost impossible to describe. From that moment, to save their lives from the fury of revolutionary mobs was the one great object they pursued; and the three commis-

sioners appointed by the provisional government to secure the safe retreat of the royal family, were received by the king with respect, even though De Schonen and Odillon Barrot were peculiarly obnoxious both to his principles and policy. The positive bodily fear and mental agitation of Charles X. and of the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême prevented them, therefore, from taking any steps to secure to the Duke of Bordeaux the throne of France.

But what was the situation of the Duchess of Berry? Why did she not rush from the palace of St. Cloud, and, taking the young Duke of Bordeaux in her hand, present him to the troops and the people, and exclaim, "BEHOLD YOUR KING?" Did she want nerve and courage for such an undertaking? Certainly not! Her romantic history in La Vendée, where she performed such prodigies of valour, would at once give the lie to such a supposition, could it ever have been for a moment indulged. There were two reasons, or rather three, why such a line of conduct was not pursued by Madame la Duchesse. The first was, that she lacked at that critical moment energetic and decided advisers. Second, King Charles X. would scarcely allow the young Duke of Bordeaux to leave his side. And third, the Duchess of Berry was very inaccurately informed as to the real state of affairs both before and after the fatal ordinances of her father and monarch. The Count de Menars had undoubtedly informed the duchess as to the state of Paris up to Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning she communicated to Charles X. all her uneasiness and anxiety. The monarch was imperturbable, and assured the duchess there was no reason for any apprehension respecting the result. Even the arrival of a young artist at the palace charged to take the portrait of the king, and who gave a graphic and fearful account of the scenes he had witnessed, did not move that prince, who, after having listened with attention to the recital, said, "*Ce n'est rien, tout cela finira ce soir; ce n'est presque rien. Tenez, mon cher, ce que vous avez de mieux à faire c'est de commencer mon portrait.*" And then Charles X. sat down before the artist, and his features did not evince the slightest change. Not so the painter: he could not proceed. The king perceived it. "Eh bien!" said the monarch, with unruffled composure, "*ce sera pour la semaine prochaine.*" When the artist withdrew, the Duchess of Berry gave

herself up to an agony of grief, and Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême both sought to console her. That was the moment in which she stood in need of wise, firm, and courageous advisers. But there were none who stepped forward; and the cause of her son was lost. I know very well that there are some persons, still accurately informed with regard to the events of 1830, who maintain that had the Duchess of Berry acted as I have suggested she should have done, she would have been made a prisoner, and that her son would have been shot. I do not believe this. The moment for such a line of conduct as that I have described, would have been on the Thursday afternoon, as soon as the forces of the king had retired to the Bois de Boulogne, and when the Duke de Ragusa repaired to St. Cloud. The whole city was at that time in a state of indescribable apprehension. No government had been organised; the fear of a bombardment was very general; new barricades had been every where thrown up; it was not believed by any one that the conflict had terminated; the heights of Montmartre were looked to with the most fearful anticipations. The Hotel de Ville was the spot to which report after report was brought of the arrival of fresh troops from distant garrisons, and of the determination of Charles X. to bombard Paris the next day; and these reports soon became known to the whole population. That, then, was the moment when, if the heroic Duchess of Berry had appeared, without escort, without soldiers or guards, in the midst of the people, and had exclaimed, "Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême have abdicated; the ordinances of Sunday last are withdrawn; the Chambers are to meet immediately; Casimir Perier is prime minister; and now, BEHOLD YOUR KING—Henry V.!" I feel not the smallest doubt that her mission would have been crowned with abundant success, and that all other hopes and combinations would have been at once abandoned. I admit that to have met the populace, to have faced the yet vengeful and but partially avenged Parisians, would have required much nerve, vigour, and presence and strength of mind. But it is precisely because the Duchess of Berry was one of a million, and because her maternal love and energy were of the first order, that therefore I advert to this subject. No real great effort was made for the son of the duchess, until it was "too late;" and he was neither to be seen nor

heard of at a moment when all was critical and important. It is not impossible that the duke himself may be visiting England when these pages shall appear, and that they may come under his notice. To him I say, "Prince, your cause was neglected when there was time to save it. It is now too late." Who, then, was to be king? That some one was essential cannot be better proved than by the following fact: that at the *bureau* of the republican journal *Le National* it was *first* decided to put forward the name of the Duke of Orleans. I always feel that this fact is the most unanswerable argument to those who even to this day maintain that a republican form of government could have been established in France, and that Lafayette had a crown to dispose of, which he could have placed on his own head, as chief of the republic, had he felt so disposed to gratify his ambition. I shall never forget the look of satisfaction, of hope, of joy, with which the proposal of electing the Duke of Orleans was received by the middling classes of Paris. When those classes heard on the Thursday evening that the troops of the king had been defeated, that Marmont had been driven back by the Faubourgians, and that the *Carmagnole* and *ça-Ira* had been sung in the streets, as well as the *Marseillaise*, they were depressed beyond measure. They saw nothing before them but anarchy, confusion, war, republicanism, and the triumph of democracy. But when it was known in the capital that even the chiefs of the republican party had found out that "they *must* have a king," so resolved were the middling and upper classes to have one, that they had acquiesced in the proposal to proclaim, in the first instance, the Duke of Orleans "lieutenant-general of the kingdom," than the depression of the public mind vanished, the gloomy forebodings of those who possessed property disappeared, shops were opened, manufactories no longer remained with closed doors, the working classes assumed an attitude of respect and dependence, and the lungs of a mighty population once more respired with health and energy.

It will be expected, of course, that I should say something of the chances of the Duke de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon Buonaparte, to the throne of France in July 1830. That Lafayette entertained some apprehensions on this head is proved by the fact that M. Dumoulin, formerly an orderly officer of Napo-

leon, and after the three days of July the first self-proclaimed governor of the Hôtel de Ville, was arrested by order of Lafayette himself, and kept in a state of *surveillance* until the general's fears were removed. M. Dumoulin had, during so many years of his life, devoted all his energies to the cause of the empire and the emperor, and had made so many sacrifices in behalf his Corsican idol, had been so often arrested during the Restoration for having been concerned in plots against the then government, once having been tried before the Chamber of Peers and escaped death only by a very small majority of votes in his favour, and was so well known to live in the hope of seeing at least some member of the family of Buonaparte once more on the throne of France, that his arrest by order of any monarchical government would not have been looked upon by any one as an extraordinary proceeding. But that Lafayette the republican should arrest Dumoulin the Buonapartist, did seem to all who were aware of the circumstance, a stretch of self-constituted authority which nothing could justify even in a period of revolution, but the necessity to take the step in order to secure the public peace. That the partisans of Buonaparte himself were numerous in July 1830, no one will venture to deny; but it was one thing to worship the memory of the departed conqueror, and another to attach importance and value to the Duke de Reichstadt his son. The fact was, that the French had longed ceased to think of the duke. His mother, as an Austrian, was necessarily disliked in France, for it had long been the fashion in that country to hate Austria. The young duke had taken no special pains to cause his name to be remembered in the land of his birth. The mere existence of the youth was not thought to be a matter of sufficient importance to be verified; and when it was incorrectly reported at different times that he was dead, that he was poisoned, and, finally, that he had been made an Austrian state prisoner in order to prevent his escape to France, no one appeared to be in a position to affirm, with any thing like certainty, whether such reports were or were not well founded. So that the Duke de Reichstadt had no stated correspondent in Paris; his interests, if he had any, were not watched over by any one; the château which was to have been erected for him at Chaillot now only was remembered by reason of masses of granite which had once been collected, but had never been

used; and the son of Napoleon, the King of Rome, the Hero of the Trocadero, the Duke de Reichstadt, had not any partisans who were either organized or resolved to defend his cause through evil and through good report. It was one thing to flock in tens of thousands round the victorious standards of an absolute and able general, riding rough-shod through foreign palaces and pillaging them all; but it would have been quite another thing, and the French felt it would be so, to go to war with Austria to obtain possession of the person of that general's son, he, the son, being unavoidably much more Austrian than French in his tastes, education, sympathies, and acquirements. In those bustling, busy, exciting days, I joined in the groups which collected in the Palais Royal, on the Place du Carrousel, on the Place du Chatelet, the Place du Grève, and wherever these subjects of succession to the throne, and of the future government of France, were discussed; and I am bound to confess that the common people themselves, notwithstanding all their enthusiasm and reverence for the memory of Napoleon, made such objections as the following to the selection of his son to fill the vacant throne. One said, "He is a German, we want no Germans here!" Another said, "He is an Austrian, we hate the Austrians." A third said, "He is only a child, we want no regency in France." A fourth said, "His mother hates the French, and has taught her son to hate us too." A fifth said, "We know nothing of his education; he may hate liberty and all democratic institutions, and so the last case would be worse than the first." Now and then, indeed, some old soldier of the empire would exclaim, "*Vive Napoléon II.*!" but his voice would be drowned by a multitude who would cry, "*Vive la Charte! Vive la Liberté!*" Without, then, detracting in the slightest degree from the talismanic influence of the name of Napoleon Buonaparte, it is quite as certain that no bold or decided effort was made in behalf of his son, when the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon was compelled to seek an asylum in the castle of Holyrood. I know not what might have occurred had the Duke de Reichstadt presented himself in the costume of his father at the gates of Paris. It is possible that he would have produced an effect on the public mind such as had seldom been witnessed before, and that in a tumult of acclamation and of *souvenirs* they might have made him an

emperor. All this is *possible*, but he was *not* there; and so impatient were the middling and upper classes to put an end to all uncertainty at the non-triumph of pure democracy, that one voice was heard every where, that voice of which I have already spoken, the voice of national conviction and of general desire, and that voice said, "We *must* have a king."

Then *there* was the Duke of Orleans? He was a Bourbon, but he had been a teacher of mathematics. He was a duke, but he had fought in the republican armies. He was an Orleans, "but he had never taken up arms against his country." He was a son of "*Egalité*," but he had associated himself with the cause of liberty in America. He had received indemnity for his sufferings, and was the wealthiest man in France; but he had Lafayette, Lafitte, Gerard, Perier, Benjamin Constant for his friends; and even the *National* spoke of his military renown, of his domestic virtues, of his sons who were educated with those of French citizens, and of his former persecution by the Jesuits?

And yet, though his name was received by the middling classes with evident satisfaction, a sentiment of surprise was connected with the pleasure it created. So some said, "It is the result of a conspiracy of fifteen years!" Others said, "So it has come to this, then, that the Orleans have defeated the Capets!" Not a few quoted Madame de Genlis's much-disputed declaration, "That if ever he should live to ascend the throne, he would make a bad king." Then one asked, "What can we expect of a son of *Egalité*, a regicide, who voted the death of his own relative as well as his king?" Another said, "If he did not fight against France in the war of Spanish independence, it was no merit of his, for he desired to do so." The democratic journals of the day, which scorned stamp-duties and every other restriction imposed by law, and were distributed by tens of thousands amongst the multitude, sought to render the name of Orleans obnoxious from the very first moment it was pronounced; and "*The Tribune*" out-Heroded Herod by its fierce, personal, violent daily acts of aggression against the lieutenant-general, seeking to excite an abhorrence of the new dynasty, even before it was legally constituted. Such was the history of the choice of a king, and I again insist that to that choice the Duke of Orleans was a comparative stranger.

That was an imposing scene in the life of Louis Philippe when, surrounded by his sons, a numerous and brilliant staff, wending its way over half-demolished barricades, new-closed graves, and cheered by an excited and maddened people, alike maddened by the scorching rays of the hottest sun, by previous days' large libations of *vin ordinaire*, and by the scenes of fury and bloodshed in which they had taken an active part, His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans proceeded to the Hotel de Ville to take upon himself the all-important and oppressive duties of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. There sat on heaps of stones the newly created National Guards, wearied with days and nights of excessive fatigue and emotion, and they cried aloud, "Vive le Duc d'Orléans!" The women, clad in white caps and kerchiefs, were rapturous in their enthusiasm. They felt relieved from an overpowering weight of anxiety respecting the much-dreaded republic, now that the duke had consented to place himself at the head of the revolution. The soldiers hung down their heads in confusion, for they had been beaten by the populace. The boys and girls were vociferous in their shouts of exultation when they saw the sons of Louis Philippe, so young, so graceful, and so fair. I can recall at this moment to my mind the Place de l'Hotel de Ville before those magnificent improvements which have been since made therein; and I can remember the shop-fronts mutilated or destroyed by cannon-balls, the shutters and windows pierced by bullets, the cannon, and all descriptions of weapons yet standing or placed in various picturesque groupings, the bright feathers of the marshals and general officers glittering in the sunbeams, the dazzling colours of the newly readopted flag of France, the artillery announcing the arrival of the duke, and half-naked costume and appearance of those who had "fought and conquered," the athletic youths, the brawny arms raised in the air of the more aged combatants, the hats of men and boys raised high from their heads to greet the prince and his "*état major*," and the looks so full of hope, of confidence, of satisfaction, and of delight, which surrounded the head of the Orleans dynasty as he proceeded "to put an end to all revolutions, and to establish on a permanent basis the institutions of France." Ah! if all the poetry and painting, if all the imagination and excitement of that scene could have been separated from the

remembrances connected with a throne overthrown, with an expelled dynasty, with thousands of victims to the sword and the bullet, with the triumph of disorder, of disobedience, of revolutionary principles, murder and death; then, indeed, it would have been one worthy of preserving in striking colouring to the close of life. But before that scene could be enacted, before those bright flags looked so brilliant, before all the glare and glitter of the pageant could be produced, many a Rachel was left weeping for her children because they were not, all the hopes of many a family had been laid low, the results of years of honest industry and exertion had been levelled by a single blow, and hopeless misery had wrung the bitterest tears from husbands deprived of wives, wives of husbands, children of parents, and parents of children, and desolation had taken the place in thousands of homes of peace, contentment, and joy. Still the scenery of the Hotel de Ville pageant was striking and memorable.

The appointment of the Duke of Orleans to the post of lieutenant-general originated with such of the French deputies as remained in Paris, and who assembled in those moments of popular commotion and confusion. Though few in number, and by no means legally convened, they nevertheless ventured on requesting the duke to proceed to Paris to discharge the duties of lieutenant-general; and to M. Mechin, jun., was confided the task of waiting on his royal highness. But as an unsuccessful attempt had been made by a detachment of the royal guard to arrest the duke, by order of the Prince de Polignac, he had prudently secreted himself at the house of a friend, and it was not until Saturday morning that the interview took place. On that day at noon the duke issued the following proclamation:—

"Inhabitants of Paris,—The deputies of France, at this moment assembled at Paris, have expressed to me the desire that I should repair to the capital to exercise the functions of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. I have not hesitated to come and share your dangers, to place myself in the midst of your heroic population, and to use all my efforts to preserve you from the calamities of civil war and anarchy. On returning to the city of Paris, I wear with pride *those glorious colours which you have resumed, and which I myself long wore*. The Chambers are about to assemble; they will consider the best means for securing the reign of the laws,

and the maintenance of the rights of the nation. *The charter will henceforth be a reality.* LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS."

M. Dupin, the family councillor of the Orleans family, had declared in the most solemn manner that nothing throughout the negotiations upon this subject was suggested by or for the duke. That "the nation found him when it called for him; but that neither he nor any one belonging to him conspired to provoke that call; he answered only to the national wish, he took the helm when every one else had quitted it."

Surrounded by Baron Louis, General Gerard, M. de Rigny, M. Bignon, M. Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, M. Lobau, M. Mauguin, M. de Pauyraveau, and M. de Schoenen; as well as cheered by Gauja, Thiers, Mignet, Carrel, Chambolle, and the other conductors of the *National*, and by Leroux, Sarrans, Cauchois Lemaire, Levasseur, Evariste Dumoulin, Lapelauze, Roqueplan, Coste, Bert, Pillet, the directors or proprietors of the liberal journals of all colours, Louis Philippe arrived at the Hôtel de Ville; and Lafayette, surrounded by the members of the municipal commission, by a detachment of the National Guards, and by the pupils of the Polytechnic School, received the prince at the foot of the staircase and embraced him.

As the enemies of Louis Philippe have repeatedly accused him of having violated the engagements he made at the Hôtel de Ville, and as no "*programme*" has been so frequently referred to as the one adopted upon that occasion, it is necessary distinctly to state what that *programme* really was. It was embodied in a "Proclamation addressed to the French people by the deputies of departments assembled at Paris." That document was not prepared by the duke, but it was first read to him at the Palais Royal, when he requested to be supplied with a copy to place in the archives of his family; and it was again read to him at the Hôtel de Ville, and on both these occasions he expressed his unqualified adhesion to all the principles and measures it announced and promised. The only portion of the proclamation which it is necessary to extract, and which formed in reality the "*programme*" in question, is the following, as it contains the promises which were made, and all of which have been fulfilled:—

"The re-establishment of the National

Guards, with the intervention of the National Guards in the choice of their officers.

"The intervention of the citizens in the formation of the departmental and municipal administrations.

"The jury for offences of the press, legally organised; responsibility of the ministers of state: and of the secondary agents of the administration.

"The situation and rank of the army and navy legally secured; and

"The re-election of deputies in the place of those appointed to public offices. Such guarantees will at length give to our institutions, in concert with the head of the state, the developements of which they have need."

On this memorable occasion General Dubourg, who had taken a very active part in heading the populace and securing success to the revolutionary cause, addressed the Duke of Orleans as follows:—

"We hope you will keep your oaths; should you do otherwise, you know the consequences. The nation has achieved its liberty at the price of its blood; and it well knows how to reachieve it, if the odious example of the fallen monarch shall be followed, and if bad men shall attempt to rob them of it."

To this wholly unexpected and appalling address, the Duke of Orleans replied with warmth and dignity. His words were,—

"General, if you were better acquainted with me, you would know that threats are not necessary to insure my fidelity. I am a Frenchman and a man of honour. The future will prove that I know how to keep my engagements."

When the murmurs excited by this incident had subsided, the prince walked out on the balcony, where he again embraced Lafayette, and, seizing the national flag, waved it over his head in the presence of the multitude. He was then reconducted to the foot of the great staircase, where, amidst the acclamations of the people, he was carried rather than conducted back to the Palais Royal, and was there hailed as the saviour, the deliverer of France!

"But this was *not* 'the' programme of the Hotel de Ville," reply the enemies of the king. "There was something more than this which was agreed to and understood, but which was not published in that proclamation." Let us look, then, I reply, to the address issued by Lafayette on that very day "to the citizens of Paris," and let us see

what were *his* impressions at the moment after the installation of the Duke of Orleans as lieutenant-general had taken place. After announcing that in three days the deputies would assemble in regular session conformably to the mandate of their constituents; and after declaring "that the representatives of France would then assure to the country all the guarantees of liberty, equality, and public order, which were called for by the sovereign nature of their rights, and by the firm determination of the French people;" he proceeded as follows:—

"Under a government which was foreign to us alike in its origin and its influence, it was already understood that the demand for the re-establishment of elective, communal, and departmental administrations, the formation of the National Guards of France on the basis of the law of 1791, the extension of trial by jury, the questions on the subject of the law of elections, the freedom of education, the responsibility of the agents of power, the mode by which that responsibility was to be realised, were each to become the subject of legislative discussion before the vote of any pecuniary supplies. How much more necessary is it that these guarantees and all others which liberty and equality may require, should precede the concession of the definite powers which France may judge it right to confer. In the mean time it is known that the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, appointed by the chamber, was one of the young patriots of 1789, and one of the first generals who caused the tri-coloured flag to triumph. Liberty, equality, and public order, have always been my motto, I shall continue faithful to it."

Here, then, are recapitulated with distinctness and precision the measures which were to be proposed to the Chambers, and this was undoubtedly at the time the *programme* of the Hôtel de Ville as *then* understood by Lafayette himself. None of those promises have remained unfulfilled, except, indeed, the old general intended to include in the words "*and all others which liberty and equality may require*," some measures of a more republican character than the rest of his address would point out. If this were the case, Lafayette acted with great disingenuousness both to the duke and to France; but if this were *not* so, then the whole of this programme has been honestly executed.

"No, it has not!" reply once more the

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enemies of Louis Philippe, "because it was expressly understood at the Hôtel de Ville that France was to have a *popular* throne surrounded by *republican institutions*." A more absurd or a madder scheme than this certainly never entered into the mind of man; but Lafayette insisted that Louis Philippe concurred with him in adopting the fundamental doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, the abolition of the hereditary peerage, the abolition of the property qualification for deputies, the most extensive application of the broadest electoral principle to municipal and commercial organization, the re-establishment of the National Guards according to the principles of the constitution of 1791, and the suppression of those monopolies which were contrary to the general interests of commerce and manufactures.

Lafayette adopted these as the expression of his own opinions, but he had no right to announce them to be those of the lieutenant-general. To this it is replied that the following conversation took place between the Duke of Orleans and Lafayette, and such conversation entitled the latter to declare that the former concurred in his views and sentiments:—

LAFAYETTE.—"You know that I am a republican, and that I consider the constitution of the United States as the most perfect that ever existed."

DUKE OF ORLEANS.—"I think just as you do; it is impossible to have passed two years in America without being of that opinion; but do you think, in the present situation of France, and according to the state of public opinion, that it would be proper for us to adopt it?"

LAFAYETTE.—"No; what is at present necessary for the French people is a popular throne surrounded with republican institutions."

DUKE OF ORLEANS.—"It is exactly so that I understand it."

If this be the mysterious "*programme*," for the non-observance of which Louis Philippe has been during many years abused and vilified by his opponents, surely it is most vague, irregular, and, indeed, unintelligible. For, 1st, the declaration of Lafayette that he was a republican and approved the Constitution of the United States was rendered nugatory by his admission that such a constitution was unsuitable to France. 2d. The admission of the Duke of Orleans that the constitution in question was excel-

lent, was also reduced to a matter of little importance by his declaration also that such form of government was inapplicable to the country he was called on to govern. And, 3d, the point on which both parties are said to have agreed, viz. that "what was necessary for the French people was a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions," was really of small import, since both the duke and the general in their speeches and proclamations announced that all was to be left to the *Chambers*, and that *they* should give to France a definitive constitution. That definitive constitution the *Chambers did give*, and the Duke of Orleans swore fidelity to its provisions. That oath he has kept, and the *real* programme of the Hôtel de Ville has been honestly and faithfully executed.

The members of the ministry of the lieutenant-general were not appointed by himself. He found them nominated by the provisional government, and he simply recognized them in their then capacities. They were the Duke de Broglie, and he was a Whig of the Graham and Stanley school; M. Dupont de l'Eure, a republican, but an honest man; M. Guizot, now the prime-minister of France, always of the same school of politics as the Duke de Broglie; Count Gerard, a brave soldier, but whose political views were similar to those of Mr. Roebuck; Baron Louis, an able financier, and as sound a Conservative as Mr. Goulburn; Count Molé, a profound diplomatist, but with Russian predilections, and a Conservative; General Count Sebastiani, under the Restoration a Radical, but under the new dynasty a Whig, and for several years the ambassador from Louis Philippe to the court of St. James.

Besides these ministers who were intrusted with portfolios, there were four other members of the cabinet who, without any other duties to perform, had a voice in its deliberation, and partook in its general responsibility. These were *Lafitte*, the revolutionist; *Casimir Perier*, the Conservative; *Dupin*, Senior, the counsel of the Orleans family, and the Lord Brougham of France; *Benjamin Constant*, the French Jeremy Bentham, with all the oddities of the philosophy of that chief of the Utilitarians; and *Bignon*, a moderate Whig, an able writer, and a shrewd diplomatist.

Nothing short of a revolution could have led to the formation of a cabinet composed

of men entertaining such opposite opinions as these; and no one in his senses could have had any doubt on the question of whose policy and views would be most in harmony with those of the lieutenant-general, and which would, therefore, in the end, prevail. It was quite impossible that such men as Molé and Dupont de l'Eure, Guizot and Gerard, Lafitte and Perier, De Broglie and Constant, could together conduct the affairs of France at any time, and much less so in a period of revolution. This, however, was *not* foreseen by Lafayette; and when afterwards the King of the French made his choice, and decided in favour of moderate and monarchical men and opinions, he was assailed by "the hero of the two worlds" for having violated the "programme" of the Hôtel de Ville.

At length came the 3d of August, and the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by the Duke of Nemours, now found himself the great object of attraction, of hatred, of popularity, and of wonder. The Chambers were convoked to meet in the lower house. This was wholly unusual, but it was a mark of deference paid to triumphant democracy. I shall never forget that day's scenery. Berryer, the intrepid, was there, and so was De Conny—the agitating, bold, clamorous De Conny; and Jacquinet Pampleun, and De Meffrey, De Murat and De Boisbertrand, De Belissen and Du Lézard, d'Autpoul and M. Roger, were also there, all faithful to fallen fortunes; but these were all who *were* faithful out of two hundred royalist deputies, the rest had hidden themselves in the provinces and refused to return. I remember to have looked in vain for the men who were always the first to ask favours of the court under the Restoration, and I remember that Berryer and De Conny simultaneously exclaimed, as they gazed on the deserted benches of the *Côté Droit*, "Where are they?" Amongst the peers were De Mortemart, De Bellune, De Valmy, De Choiseul, De Caraman, De Trevisse, Jourdan, Dreux Brézé, Portalis, Seguier, Pasquier, De Montalivet, De Semonville, Roy, and, though last, not least, the noble and admirable De Chateaubriand.

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe when he pronounced his first speech to the remnants of the last Chambers of the Restoration, and when he declared he had come forward "with the firm resolution of devoting his efforts to re-establish the

empire of the laws; to save, protect, endangered liberty, and render the recurrence impossible of such great evils by securing for ever the power of that charta whose name, invoked during the combat, was repeated after victory."

In this first address Louis Philippe clearly indicated the policy he was resolved to pursue. "Every *right* should be substantially guaranteed, all the institutions necessary to their full and free exercise should receive the developements of which they had need." Again: "Attached with his whole heart, and from conviction, to the principles of a free government, he accepted all its consequences beforehand." That Europe might at once understand that his was an orderly and pacific mind, and that his government would partake of the same characteristics, he declared,—

"Yes, gentlemen, this land of France, so dear to me, will be happy and free; it will prove to Europe that, solely engaged in promoting its internal prosperity, it cherished peace as much as liberty, and only wishes for the happiness and repose of its neighbours."

This was the *programme* of the lieutenant-general; and, after thirteen years of a most laborious and agitated reign, he is as faithful to that programme now as he has ever been, amidst all the fury of factions and the desperate violence of anarchists. That programme he concluded as follows:—

"Respect for the rights of all, attention to every interest, and good faith in the government, are the best means of disarming parties, and of restoring to the public mind that confidence, and to the institutions that stability, which are the only sure pledges of the happiness of the people and the strength of states."

This was noble, parliamentary, wise, and national language, and for the time it produced an immense effect.

An opportunity was at once afforded to the lieutenant-general to indicate by a solemn and deliberate act the men and the policy he best loved, by his nomination, or rather choice, of the president of the Chamber of Deputies from the list of candidates prepared by them at their former sitting. The choice, in this instance, was M. Casimir Perier, for whose memory all who love peace, order, truthfulness, and manly integrity, must feel a profound and well-merited reverence.

There was an incident which took place

during the debates on the expediency of changing the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom into that of hereditary prince, or king, which I cannot but refer to; especially as it demonstrates what was thought of and said of Louis Philippe by Lafayette, before the latter was disappointed and chagrined by preferences shown by the former to moderate and monarchical advisers. Towards the conclusion of the debate, Lafayette said,—

"It is well known that I have all my life professed republican principles; but they have not been such as to prevent me from supporting a constitutional throne, created by the will of the people. Under existing circumstances, whereby it is desirable to raise the prince-lieutenant-general to a constitutional throne, I feel myself animated by the same sentiments; and I am bound to avow, *that the more I become acquainted with the Duke of Orleans, the more perfectly does the choice fulfil my wishes.*"

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, after the discussion of the declaration of principles, or bill of rights, was agreed to, the deputies proceeded in a body, and on foot, to the Palais Royal, to present that declaration to the lieutenant-general, and to invite him to ascend the throne. I shall never forget either the fact or its curiosity, of beholding the deputies of France marching, with rapid strides, across the Pont Louis Seize, the Place de la Revolution, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue St. Honoré, and the *Place* of the Palais Royal into the palace of the Orleans dynasty. The city was in a state of indescribable emotion. Factions were already agitating, the republicans were raising their voices, fears were entertained that civil war would soon rage in the provinces, anarchists were preaching the most licentious doctrines, public credit was gone, and misery and bankruptcy appeared to be inevitable. Reports, either more or less exaggerated, reached the capital every hour, of risings in the west, the east, and the south; whilst rumours were afloat of alliances being formed to invade France, and restore the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. The Paris mob, and even the middling classes, assembled in the streets all the day long; remained in anxious conversation at the doors of the Chamber of Deputies, and beneath the windows of the Duke of Orleans' palace, and there discussed the past, the present, and the future. The scene

of our own Victoria before the Privy Council, when at a tender age she was required to ascend the British throne, is always referred to by those present as one of a peculiarly striking character. And scarcely less so was that when, surrounded by his duchess, and a handsome, united, lovely family, the Duke of Orleans received at his palace the deputies of France, who arrived to offer him a vacant throne, but with a bill of rights. Lafitte read the resolutions of the Chamber, and the declaration of its desires. There was a solemn pause of about half a minute. Every one looked anxious, breathless, and concerned. The fate of France, and probably that also of Europe, were about to be decided. The duke shed a few tears. They were honourable to his heart. He had been the happiest of subjects during fifteen years of the Restoration; but he was now to be torn from the endearments of social life, to encounter the hate, opposition, prejudices, and even the murderous attempts of those who hated order, peace, and the laws. His reply was brief. It was this:—

“I receive the declaration which you now present to me with profound emotion. I regard it as the expression of the national will; and it appears to me to be in conformity with those political principles which I have all my life professed.

“Impressed with recollections which have always made me desire that I might never be destined to ascend the throne; exempt from ambition, and accustomed to the peaceful life which I lead in my family, I cannot conceal the sentiments which agitate my heart in this great conjuncture; but there is one which is predominant—it is the love of my country. I feel what it prescribes to me, and shall not fail in the performance.”

The rest of the scene is well known. The assembled multitudes without rent the air with their cries of joy and transport; when Lafayette, taking the hand of the then elected king, and conducting him to the balcony of the palace, exclaimed,—“We have done a good work. Here is the prince we need. *This is the best of Republics!!!*”

These words, so often contested, but so fully established, were uttered by Lafayette; and the *programme* of the Hôtel de Ville was thus fully realized. The representatives of the people had elected a king, and those same representatives had voted a bill of rights. This *was* a “popular throne surrounded by republican institutions.” If the

phrase meant more than this, it meant nonsense.

The part taken by the Chamber of Peers in the election of a king was extremely insignificant. One hundred and fourteen only were present, of whom eighty-nine voted in favour of the declaration of the deputies, ten against it, and fifteen declined voting at all. It was on that occasion that the great and admirable Chateaubriand delivered a speech which will remain as long as the world shall last, a specimen of the most touching and sublime eloquence. When the king of the French read it in the columns of the *Moniteur*, he rose from his chair, on terminating the last sentence, and exclaimed, “It is lamentable that such a man should deprive France of his counsels. He must, if possible, be retained.” And it is a curious and striking fact, that when Charles X. heard that speech read to him at Holyrood, by the Duchess d’Angoulême, he observed, “I was deceived as to Chateaubriand. He was an honest man.”

I wish that the space devoted to these “reminiscences” would admit of my doing ample justice to the speech in question, by inserting it *in extenso*. This I cannot do; but the following passages will delight all who shall peruse them. After having denounced, in eloquent and appropriate language, the ordinances of July and their authors; and after having rendered his noble tribute of admiration to the temperance and moderation of the people of Paris, he addressed himself to the question of the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux:

“What blood now rises against *him*? Will you venture to say that it is that of his father? This orphan, educated in the schools of his country, in the love of a constitutional government, and with the ideas of the age, would have become a king well suited to our future wants. The guardian of his youth would have sworn to the declaration on which you are about to vote; on arriving at the age of majority, the youthful monarch would have taken the oath himself. * * * * * To say that this child, when separated from his masters, would not have had time to forget their very names before arriving at manhood; to say that he would remain infatuated with certain hereditary dignities, after a long course of popular education, and after the terrible lesson which in two nights has hurled two kings from the throne is, at least, not very reasonable! It is not from a feeling of sentimental devotedness, transmitted from the

swaddling clothes of St. Louis to the cradle of the young Henry, that I plead a cause where every thing would again turn against me, if it triumphed. I am no believer in chivalry or romance; I have no faith in the right divine of royalty; but I believe in the power of facts and of revolutions. I do not even invoke the charta: I take my ideas from a higher source; I draw them from the sphere of philosophy, from the period at which my life terminates. I propose the Duke de Bordeaux as a necessity of a purer kind than that which is now in question. I know that by passing over this child, it is intended to establish the principle of the sovereignty of the people; an absurdity of the old school, which proves, that our veteran democrats have advanced no further in political knowledge than our superannuated royalists. There is no absolute sovereignty any where: liberty does not flow from political right, as was supposed in the eighteenth century; it is derived from natural right, so that it exists under all forms of government; and a monarchy may be free, nay, much more free than a republic."

"There is another splendid passage, in which he denounces the conduct of those peers who were finished courtiers, but faithless friends of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, when that branch fell into disgrace and odium through following their senseless counsels:—

"Fear I leave to those mock royalists who have never sacrificed a coin or a place to their loyalty; to those champions of the altar and the throne, who lately treated me as a renegade, an apostate, and a revolutionist. Pious libellers, the renegade now calls upon you! Come, then, and stammer out a word, a single word, with him, for the unfortunate master you have lost, and who loaded you with benefits. Instigators of *Coups d'État*, and preachers of constituent power, where are you? You hide yourselves in the mire, from under which you raised your heads to calumniate the faithful servants of the king. Your silence to-day is worthy of your language of yesterday! Ye gallant paladins, whose projected exploits have caused the descendants of Henry IV. to be driven from their throne at the point of the pitchfork, tremble now, as ye crouch under the tricoloured cockade! The noble colours you display will protect your persons, but will not cover your cowardice!"

That was a memorable day, not only for the Duke of Orleans, but also for his whole

race, when, on the 9th of August, 1830, the work of the revolution was appointed to be closed by the monarch elect taking to the new constitution, in the presence of the assembled Chambers, the oath of fidelity. The throne was despoiled of the ancient *fleur-de-lis*. The white flag of the Bourbons, "*sans tache*," had been supplanted by the tricoloured banner of the first revolution. The crown was there; but it had been made for another dynasty, and that had disappeared. The Duchess of Orleans was to be queen of the French; and there, too, was that Mademoiselle Orleans, now Madame Adelaide, the devoted sister of the king, faithful in all times, whether adverse, prosperous, or doubtful. The duke entered the hall dressed in the uniform of lieutenant-general. His sons, the Dukes of Chartres and De Nemours, followed him. Casimir Perier rose. He read in a stern and manly voice, the declaration, or bill of rights, and then presented it to the prince. The act of concurrence of the Chamber of Peers was read by Baron Pasquier; and the duke rose, and addressed the Chambers:—

"I have read with close attention," he observed, "the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies, and the act of adhesion of the Chamber of Peers. I have weighed and considered all their expressions; I accede, without restraint or reserve, to the clauses and engagements contained in the declaration. I accept the title of King of the French, which it confers upon me; and I am ready to make oath to its observance."

So the oath was taken; the stool on which the prince had been sitting was removed; and Louis Philippe, the first king of the French, ascended the throne of St. Louis, and thus addressed the assembly:—

"I have maturely reflected on the important duties which are imposed upon me; I trust that I shall be able to discharge them, by keeping the compact which has now been entered into. I could have sincerely desired never to occupy this throne, to which the will of the nation has now called me; but I yield to the wish expressed by the Chambers, in the name of the French people, for the maintenance of the charter and the laws. The future happiness and security of France are guaranteed by the modifications which we have just made in the charter. Prosperous at home, respected abroad, and at peace with Europe, the interests of the nation will become more and more consolidated."

It will be observed that this language of the king was precisely the same as that made use of by him as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and as the Duke of Orleans. Peace, order, obedience, rational liberty, and the preservation of vested rights and interests, was his programme from the commencement: and the sketch of the leading events of his subsequent reign which I shall now attempt, will prove beyond doubt that his policy and his principles have been invariably the same.

It cannot, of course, be expected that that sketch will contain any defence or any impeachment of the various ministries which he has been obliged to form, or of the still more numerous measures which have been popular or unpopular, rejected or adopted, according to the temper of the times. My "Reminiscences" are those of Louis Philippe, and not of the chambers, of the cabinets, or even of the prime ministers. Louis Philippe, though an able diplomatist, a wise politician, a good speaker, an excellent writer, a man of sound knowledge, and profound experience; though a good soldier, an admirable administrator, and an inimitable tactician, is, nevertheless, a *constitutional* king; and as such "he can do no wrong," and acts by and through his ministers. This distinction it is necessary to keep in mind, since a variety of measures he simply acquiesced in, whilst others were determined on, or, I may say, invented, by himself. To the latter, therefore, I shall particularly and more especially refer.

Immediately after the election of Louis Philippe to the throne of France, two systems of external policy presented themselves for adoption by the king. The one was to demand the destruction of the treaties of 1814 and 1815; or, in one word, war! The other was to ratify, or rather to continue, to keep, and observe, these treaties; or, in one word also, peace! The war party said, "peace is impossible!" Louis Philippe resolved that it should *not* be so. The faith of treaties the war party ridiculed. They said, that in political morality it was a perversion of right to make them an instrument of oppression and ruin. And then, turning to monarchical Europe, they asked, "What did Austria care about all the treaties which she concluded with the republic, the consulate, and the empire? In what manner did England observe the treaty of Amiens; Prussia, those of Presburg and of Tilsit; and Russia, that same treaty of Vienna which

had granted to Poland a semblance of nationality?" The insurrection of Belgium, the combats of Poland, the convulsions of Italy, the movements in Switzerland, the commotions in Germany, and a civil war in Spain, soon came to the aid of that war party; and it was then that Louis Philippe began to discover that the crown he had accepted was indeed thorny and oppressive.

Louis Philippe, however, did not hesitate with regard to his policy. He at once proclaimed it. It was the non-intervention of Europe in the affairs of France, and the non-intervention of France in the affairs of Europe. Lafayette was in favour of a one-sided non-intervention. He was as strong an advocate as the King of the French could be for the non-intervening of Europe in the affairs of France; but he raised the cry "that the revolution of July must make the tour of the world," and then sought to obtain, by direct or indirect means, the assent of Louis Philippe to that announcement.

"Let us arm!" cried the war party. "Yes," replied the King of the French, "we will arm, but we will also negotiate; and strong in our good right, and in the power of our principles, if the tempest should burst at the sight of our tri-coloured flag, so much the worse for those who shall unchain that tempest."

The first great subject of difference between the Lafitte and Lafayette party on the one hand, and the Guizot, Molé, and Perier party on the other, was the Belgian revolution. The former desired the union of Belgium to France, cost what it might, even though the consequences should be an European war. The latter said, "No; let the affairs of Belgium be directed by the Belgians, but aided by a conference of ambassadors as proposed by England; and let not France set the first example of violating those treaties which it is her intention to recognise, and not to disavow." This was the decision of Louis Philippe. It was supported by Prince Talleyrand, by the party of resistance to further revolution both in and out of France, and was in the end triumphant.

The next question which led to a yet more decisive rupture between the men who immediately after the revolution of July acted in concert in one cabinet, was the revolution in Poland. The Lafitte and the Lafayette party proclaimed the absolute necessity for applying the principles of non-intervention at Warsaw, and insisted that the King of the French was bound by the "programme of

the Hotel de Ville" to prevent the cause of liberty from being crushed by Russian forces. The Perier and the Guizot party replied that the principle could not be applied; that Poland belonged to Russia; that the Russian government had the right, therefore, to endeavour to put down rebellion in its own dominions; that should France seek to prevent that sort of intervention, she would violate the principle of non-intervention she had proclaimed; and that should La Vendée rise against the new French dynasty, and separate itself from the rest of France, Russia would have the right to reply, "No, you shall not attack the Vendéans, for they inhabit a distinct province, speak a different *patois*, have historical remembrances of ancient date, and are noble, brave, and free." The answer of France would be, that the Vendéans were subjects of the French king, and that they could not be allowed to remain in a state of hostility and insurrection against their lawful sovereign. Louis Philippe saw so clearly the justice of this principle of non-intervention, and was so convinced that nothing short of its entire enforcement with regard to all pending questions could secure the peace of Europe, that he adopted it as "*the*" fundamental principle of his government, and determined rather to die a martyr for supporting it, than to become the idol of the ignorant, the disorderly, and the anarchical, by permitting an opposite system to triumph. It is very true Louis Philippe has made some mistakes of a grievous and deplorable character in the speeches delivered by him in parliament. For instance, it was lamentable to state that "the fortresses raised in Belgium in order to overawe France should be demolished." These were most inconsiderate words placed by his ministers before him; and it is really astonishing that a prince of so much discernment should not have effaced them. The fortresses erected in Belgium were not intended to overawe France, but to defend Belgium as a neutral state; and, in spite of the promise made by Louis Philippe, those fortresses still remain. There was another phrase which ought not to have been uttered by the French king, unless he was prepared to defend the cause of the Poles at the head of an army of 500,000 men; and that was his declaration, that "the nationality of Poland should not perish." For what is the fact now? Is it not true that Poland is no more *as a nation*, and that it is nothing better than a Russian province?

The Lafitte and Lafayette party set out

with this capital error, that it was impossible long to maintain peace; that the revolution of July 1830 must lead to various other revolutions in different countries; that the absolute governments of Europe would be compelled to attack France, in order to defend themselves; and that it would therefore be much better for France to take the initiative, and commence the attack. Louis Philippe and the peace party insisted that France ought *not* to be a vast firebrand to be cast into other lands, and to excite misery, agitation, and death; that if she kept faithful to the principle of non-intervention, she would not long be viewed with an unfriendly eye by neighbouring and mighty powers; and that it was very possible, by prudence, dignity, and firmness, to maintain her own rank, and yet secure the continuance of peace. This system was denounced by the press, at the tribune, by the political societies, and by the democrats of the streets, as an anti-national, cowardly, and disgraceful system; and then commenced and continued that series of attacks on Louis Philippe, his person, and his family, which has continued during a period of ten years.

It must not be forgotten, that the foreign policy of Louis Philippe, and his fixed determination to preserve peace with Europe and the world, if it could be so preserved without national disgrace, or a compromise of the real interests and dignity of France, was the *sole* cause of all the ferocious efforts which were made to deprive him of his life, and to overthrow the dynasty which the country had founded. It is very true that his domestic policy was afterwards attacked, but that only arose out of the circumstance that, in order to meet the violence of the unprincipled and headstrong, the mad and the inveterate enemies of the king on account of his foreign peace policy, it became necessary to propose severe laws, to prosecute the revolutionary press, and to put down insurrections by martial law. But the original cause of all this was the determination of Louis Philippe to preserve peace, and not to expose France to the horrors of invading armies, or Europe to the attacks of an ungovernable French democracy.

There is, however, a charge brought against Louis Philippe with regard to Spain, and the commencement of the Spanish revolution under Mina and Valdez in 1830, which I will state broadly and fully, and meet, I hope, with fairness and distinctness. The charge is this,—that Louis Philippe encour-

raged by an advance of money, and by assurances of protection, the early efforts of Mina and Valdez, and of their supporters on the frontiers of Catalonia, which had for their object to effect a revolution in Spain; and that afterwards, from some personal or private motives, not only was all assistance stopped, but the Spanish chiefs of the movement, when repulsed, were sent into the interior of France, and treated with coldness, if not with severity. That Louis Philippe determined on alarming Ferdinand VII., the last king of Spain, into a recognition by him of the government and throne of July 1830, is indubitable. Ferdinand had refused to recognise either. This determination had rendered Louis Philippe indignant; and, as Mina and Valdez proposed to raise the *drapeau* of revolt in the Basque provinces and on the frontiers of Catalonia, they were unquestionably aided in that proceeding by the French government and king. When, however, Ferdinand VII. made the "*amende honorable*," recognised the Orleans dynasty and the revolution of 1830, and professed a great desire to maintain the most friendly relations with the King of the French, Louis Philippe, of course, refused further aid to the Spanish revolutionists, to whom he never gave, directly or indirectly, any pledge or promise for additional support; and when they were defeated by the army of the Spanish monarch, they were sent into the interior of France, and placed under strict surveillance. I have often seen Valdez and Mina. With the latter I was intimate. I believe them both to have been honest, brave, but mistaken men. I think their talents were greatly overrated, and that their plans were always ill-digested and absurd. But I do not believe they have any real cause of complaint against the king of the French. The Spanish king and government *had* good cause, since Louis Philippe ought rather to have marched a French army to the Spanish frontiers, or even invaded the Peninsula, to have avenged himself for the insult offered to his government and dynasty by Ferdinand VII.; and, in fact, should have resorted to every possible measure for redress rather than have encouraged revolutionary projects got up by Spanish refugees, against their own government. I think, then, that this was an unwise, inconsiderate, and culpable act; and the only excuse which can be offered for it was, that it occurred in the very early days of the king's reign, and when as yet all men were more or less affected by the

spirit of revolt which stalked abroad upon the earth.

It has been alleged that, for some time after the accession of the present dynasty to the throne of France, its chief remained in a state of uncertainty between his inclination for repose and peace; and his fears lest Europe should begin the attack, and thus overthrow himself, as well as his policy. This is not true. Louis Philippe was annoyed by the conduct of the King of Spain, the Emperor of Russia, and the Duke of Modena; but he saw, from the first, that England, Austria, Prussia, and the secondary German states, were friendly, and he did not dread either Spain, Modena, or Russia. The circular of Spain was insulting; the declaration of the Duke of Modena, that he protested against "the usurpation," much irritated Louis Philippe, and led to an insurrection in the duke's territory; and the letter of the Emperor Nicholas, of September 18, 1830, was so cold, and distant, and repulsive, that the King of the French could not but entertain some apprehensions relative to his Russian ally. Still, it is not true to assert that Louis Philippe ever wavered in his policy, or was ever disposed to make in it any important change. Often did Lafayette seek to persuade the king that his foreign policy was wrong; that he was bound to defend the principle of the sovereignty of the people, whenever, in consequence of the example set by France, that principle should be acted upon; and often did he urge that the king's government should espouse the cause of the Italian revolutionists against Austria, and of the Poles against Russia; but he found his majesty on all occasions firm and decided, and never disposed to yield one jot of his declared policy of non-intervention. "If they leave us alone, general," said the king on several occasions, "we will leave them alone; if they do not attack us, we will not attack them; we, by our moderation, will show them that our liberty is compatible with the peace and repose of the world; and if they display no direct and flagrant hostility against our social existence, I am resolved they shall have no reason to complain either of France or our glorious revolution." This was not sufficient for Lafayette. He always insisted "that if other nations wished to follow the example of France, and conquer their liberty, France could not and would not suffer foreign governments to send their counter-revolutionary troops among them, and he did not consider Poland and Russia to form one and

the same nation." On one occasion he said to the celebrated M. de Humboldt, "You understand, sir, that we cannot permit foreigners to attack among other nations the vital principle of our existence, that of the national sovereignty; that it is impossible for us to allow nations to be crushed that would become our allies in case of war with arbitrary governments; that we cannot let you convert peace itself into the first sentence of a manifesto against us, and sanction pretensions that would ultimately authorise you to declare war."

Such declarations as these, made very frequently by Lafayette at the epoch in question, did great injury to the cause of peace as well as to the government of Louis Philippe; and it, at length, became essential for that prince to cause it to be most distinctly known every where that Lafayette was not authorised by the king to give his interpretation of the principles of his majesty's government.

The king has been reproached with having favoured secretly the Italian insurrection, and some men have gone the full length of wholly denying the truth of the charge. The fact is, that political proselytism was encouraged by the king's government, with his connivance, in the case of Italy,—that Italian refugees were assisted in gaining the Alpine frontier,—that arms for them were collected at Lyons and Grenoble,—that Naples had refused to become an ally of the new dynasty,—that General Pepe prepared a draft of a constitution for the Neapolitans,—that the insurrections of Modena and of Bologna followed,—but that the whole of the meditated movements, and of those which actually took place, were brought to a close by the appearance of the Austrian ambassador M. d'Appony, who well understood all that was going on, and felt that France could, in a few days, endanger the choicest jewel in the crown of his royal master, viz. the beautiful and desirable Lombardy.

This was the result which Louis Philippe anticipated and desired. He knew that Lombardy threatened to follow the example of the insurgent states of central Italy. He knew that Piedmont already felt itself disturbed by the rising of Parma. He knew that the German troops were scarcely sufficient to restrain the Austro-Italian populations, from the lake of Como to the Venetian canals. He hoped that the Austrian cabinet would itself perceive that the presence of a single French flag on the southern declivity of the

Alps, would be sufficient to throw all Italy into a flame, and his hopes were not disappointed. M. d'Appony appeared at the Tuileries to offer the hand of friendship and the olive-branch of peace from the emperor his master, and both were cheerfully and most readily accepted. The duchy of Modena was occupied by Austria, the holy see was applied to, to grant representative institutions to its subjects, and the Austrian ambassador laboured night and day, in conjunction with Casimir Perier and the king, to preserve the peace of Europe, and maintain, as far as might be, the European settlement made by the treaties of Vienna in 1814 and 1815. An acquiescence in this settlement was opposed by Lafitte and Lafayette, and this difference led to the breaking up of the Lafitte cabinet.

Casimir Perier was by no means a favourite of the king,—that is, before Louis Philippe had discovered his matchless firmness, his incorruptible integrity, and his prodigious energy. But when Lafitte resigned, because Louis Philippe would not consent to march an army into Piedmont to oppose an Austrian intervention in the Italian states, the King of the French called to his aid that most disinterested and noble-minded man. Though imperious and haughty in his manner, he possessed a warm and a generous heart, and to real misfortune and suffering virtue he was a princely friend and benefactor.

That was a period of great anxiety to Louis Philippe, when the ex-ministers of Charles X. were put upon their trial. The populace demanded their blood. The king was determined, if possible, to save their lives. The democratic party exclaimed, in the language of Napoleon, "It is only the dead who do not return to us." The peers were in a state of fear and anxiety impossible to describe, and the royal family apprehended some terrible catastrophe. But Louis Philippe addressed himself to the enemies of capital punishments, obtained their support, confided the task of securing public order during the trial to Lafayette, and finally obtained the condemnation of the ministers to fines and imprisonment. This was a glorious triumph, for it assured Europe that the revolution of 1830 was to be free from any sanguinary and disgraceful stain.

That was a happy moment for Louis Philippe when Lafayette sent in his resignation of the post of commander-in-chief of the National Guards of the kingdom, a post which ought never to have been confided to

any one but a king's son. That Louis Philippe was personally attached to Lafayette is certain; that he felt that, on several occasions, he had rendered signal services to the cause of public order and peace is undoubted; and that his admirable tact in maintaining the peace of Paris during the trial of Prince Polignac and his colleagues was entitled to the gratitude of the nation, the king was the first to assert. But Lafayette was a dead weight on the pacific policy of Louis Philippe. It was known to, and felt by Europe, that the old general had too much influence at court, that all revolutionary agents over the whole world looked up to him for advice and aid, that he was peculiarly obnoxious to all foreign courts, and that his removal from so important a post as that of commander-in-chief of all the militia of France was earnestly desired. His resignation, then, was an immense good; and much as the king loved him as a man and a friend, his retirement from office was a boon which none could estimate better than the king himself. But although the loss of Lafayette was a positive good, the event necessarily led to increased hostility to the government of the king on the part of the men of the movement faction; and Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamarque, Lameth, and Audry de Puyraveau, openly headed the malcontents. That fact in itself led the populace to rebel. They attacked the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and nearly destroyed it; sacked the archbishop's palace; insulted the ministers of religion; and, at length, the voice of Guizot was heard at the tribune, denouncing the Lafitte ministry for its most mischievous and ruinous policy. Now began that series of *émeutes*, insurrections, conspiracies, and plots against the king, the royal family, and the government, which lasted during many years, but which Louis Philippe has, apparently, finally succeeded in subduing, by a constant perseverance in his policy of peace abroad and obedience to the laws at home.

The declaration of Casimir Perier, "That the king had promised nothing but to France, and that France required of the king nothing beyond what he had promised; that the political promises of the country were to be found in the constitution, and that as to foreign affairs, there were no promises except in treaties," greatly delighted the king, but as greatly exasperated the Lafitte and Lafayette party, and then commenced in earnest the war unto death.

The political trials before the Chamber of

Peers of seditious men and traitors, was a natural consequence of their violence and crimes. Yet Louis Philippe has been attacked with great vehemence for those proceedings. It has been urged that the ordinary tribunals of the country ought to have sufficed, and that the revolution of July never contemplated the possibility of its "heroes" being prosecuted by the very government they founded. The answer to this objection is, in my opinion, conclusive. If the "heroes of July" founded the government, why did they afterwards seek to overthrow the work of their own hands? And if they so acted, was the government bound by its origin not to defend itself! Besides which, public opinion has been so tampered with by the men of the revolution, that, at last, no fixed public opinion existed: juries could not be relied upon, they did not *dare* to do their duty; and the charter of 1830 itself recognised the court of peers as the competent tribunal for offences of a seditious and traitorous nature. Louis Philippe could never be induced to change his views with regard to this matter. He held it to be a part of his political system to secure the conviction and punishment of real offenders, at the same time that he was averse to all capital punishments for political offences. Firm, but humane, decisive but forgiving, was, and is, his system.

Whilst the Lafitte and Lafayette party were urging Utopian schemes of "social regeneration," and "the political subversion of thrones and government," Louis Philippe pressed on his councillors to follow the example of some of the best ministers of the Restoration, and seek to restore credit, to give a new spring to industry, and to cause the full tide of national prosperity to follow. "Let us examine," he said, "the questions of *entrepôt*, and of internal navigation, and let the consolidation of the laws be proceeded in with vigour. I desire that speculative policy should give place to practical administration, for liberty is but the instrument of civilisation, and nations discuss opinions only for the purpose of promoting their interests."

That was an interesting epoch in the life of the King of the French, when he met, for the first time, a new Chamber, just elected, and which was composed of men wholly unknown before to political France. The Chamber of the Restoration had now ceased to exist: one half of its former members had been defeated in the elections, and the greater number of those who had been re-

elected had been returned only on condition of renouncing their previous course and joining the "progressive" party. This is indisputable. But the tact of Louis Philippe prevailed over every difficulty; and the speech from the throne brought into collision the initiative of the king and that of the Chamber upon every fundamental question. This step was successful. Instead of occupying itself with secondary, and with merely ministerial questions, it was at once brought to feel that the enemies of the cabinet were those of the king and of his policy, and that it had to decide between the triumph of the laws or the success of anarchy. Thus it was the system of Louis Philippe gained ground, and now the Chamber was bound up with it.

I shall never forget, however, the eyes of Louis Philippe, as he examined with careful and profound attention the physiognomy of that new and unknown Chamber. Here and there, as he looked up and down the benches, he saw old faces, and even once familiar friends; but, on the whole, the majority were untried men, and their aspect was doubtful.

The fall of Warsaw gave great sorrow and much anxiety to the king. The shouts of "Long live Poland!" were mixed up with "Down with the ministry!" and yet that ministry was essential to the happiness, order and progress of France. The king had taken a deep interest in the fate of Warsaw. He had ardently desired that the Poles should be able to hold out long enough for negotiations to be set on foot, and for, at least, a diplomatic intervention to take place. But he was disappointed; and he has since been reproached, unjustly, with having encouraged hopes of aid from France, in the breasts of the Poles.

That was a period of great anxiety also, to Louis Philippe, when the question of the peerage came on for final adjustment, according to the promise contained in the charter of 1830. Louis Philippe was, of course, favourable to an hereditary peerage, but he knew it was impossible to carry it. Thiers, Royer Colard, and Guizot, pleaded for the hereditary principle with prodigious talent; but the majority were opposed to it, and it was overthrown. The result did not surprise the king, who immediately applied all the energies of his mind to render the new peerage as monarchical as possible, under the then existing circumstances of public opinion.

That, too, was a most painful and distressing period in the reign of the King of the

French, when, in order to secure the tranquillity of the provinces of the west, he was literally compelled to direct the arrest of the Duchess of Berry, to expose her unhappy position as pregnant, though for years she had been a widow, and thus to plunge into grief and shame the royal families of Naples, Spain, and France. Through Count d'Argout, she was cautioned, entreated, conjured to abandon her life of wandering hostility in the west, and to put an end to the system of *chouannerie* which was going on, and which had reduced those provinces, by reason of the proclaiming of the martial law, to a deplorable state of famine, misery, and bankruptcy. Louis Philippe exhausted every plan, every means, to persuade the friends of the Duchess in La Vendée to effect her escape, and not to drive him to resort to extreme measures. But his efforts were vain. Even the promise she made to M. Berryer she did not fulfil; and, at length, Deutz, the Jew spy and traitor, discovered her address, secured her arrest, and received his bribe. He is now an outcast, a vagabond, and a penniless wretch, without a friend, a home, or any settled means of existence. The *accouchement* of the duchess in the citadel of Blaye was a source of great grief to her aunt the Queen of the French; but both herself and her friends admitted that Louis Philippe had made use of every means to induce her departure before he consented to her arrest and exposure. When the king subsequently expressed his resolution to liberate the duchess without subjecting her to trial, on her engaging never again to disturb the French provinces, his enemies accused him of yielding to Austrian influence or threats; but the accusation was *wholly unfounded*; and I am justified in stating that to the king should be ascribed all the measures which were adopted to render the duchess's incarceration as little painful as possible.

That was an immense loss, not only to Louis Philippe, but to France entire, when the cholera, after having decimated tens of thousands of her inhabitants, struck with death the mighty, noble heart of Casimir Perier. The king knew, and felt, indeed, that the system of Casimir Perier was his own system, and had been adopted, not invented, by the departed statesman. But no one had so fully entered into the monarch's views as M. Perier had done, and no one had carried them out with more of honour and energy. "We have sustained an immense loss, M. Guizot," said Louis Philippe to that celebra-

ted man; "M. Perier was a host in himself, a rock, a cloud, a sun, a system." "True, sire," replied M. Guizot; "but your majesty is preserved to France, and she has confidence in her head." This was unquestionably true of the better and upright classes; but the death and burial of General Lamarque led to an insurrection on the 5th and 6th of June, 1832, which equalled, in violence, fury, and desperation, the memorable days of July 1830. I beheld the commencement of the June insurrection at the Pont d'Austerlitz, near the Jardin des Plantes, saw the first pistol fired, and watched that insurrection throughout. It was frightful to behold the beardless boys of the anarchist party sacrificing their lives without a murmur or a groan in the hope of overthrowing the dynasty of the Orleans family, and thus of involving France in a war of revolutionary principles. It was awful to see men, women, girls, boys, children, all mad and desperate against Louis Philippe and his family. And why? Because they had been made to believe that the king was opposed to the honour, the fame, the glory, the grandeur of France. Those two days of sanguinary conflict against himself and his government, whitened the head of the monarch at least ten years, and produced a change in his physiognomy which all observed, many regretted, and some rejoiced at. There were not less than 150,000 human beings present at Lamarque's interment! Seditious cries led to the intervention of the military. The conflict was long and severe, but the laws triumphed, and Paris was declared in a state of siege. That was a sad and sorrowing moment when Louis Philippe was compelled, for the first time, to place his name to such a document. Then came two years of never-ending conflicts, even in the streets of Paris, Lyons, Etienne, Grenoble, Marseilles, Toulouse, Toulon, Metz, and a variety of other places, between the exasperated and maddened enemies of the king and his government, and their firm and well-disciplined, loyal, and devoted troops, and the regiments of the National Guards. On the side of the king were the merchants, manufacturers, landed proprietors, gentry (except some of the old legitimist families, and even these were comparatively quiet), and all the shopkeepers and middling classes, together with a large portion of the working population. On the other side were the ragged, the vicious, the lazy, the unprincipled, the stark-staring mad students, the remains of the

Robespierrian faction of former days, foreign refugees, the students of the public schools, and all the adventurers who had nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, in a general scramble. These two years of conflict led to the great battle of 1834, when Paris, Lyons, and other cities and towns were put under martial law, and when Europe stood breathless to know whether the king or the *canaille* would triumph. Thank God! Louis Philippe was successful; but the battle was a bloody one. These conflicts, so sanguinary, so prolonged, and so awful, were all, be it remembered, the result of an obstinate and oft-repeated resistance to the *foreign* policy of the king. His home policy grew out of the opposition to his foreign policy,—the opposition being of a ferocious and personal character.

What a moment was that, too, in the life of Louis Philippe, when, surrounded by as fine and noble a staff as ever grouped round a monarch, Louis Philippe, on arriving at the Boulevard du Temple, whilst reviewing the National Guards and troops of the line, suddenly witnessed the explosion of the *infernal machine of Fieschi*. Around him were his sons. Beside him was the brave Trevisse struck down and bleeding. Every where about him were victims of Fieschi's diabolical plot. But the king was unhurt. He raised his hat, and said, "I am not wounded." His sons crowded about him. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as he gazed on the noble and faithful Duke de Trevisse, but not a moment had to be lost. "My mother!" said the young Duke of Orleans. The king comprehended his meaning, and despatched an orderly officer to the palace. "March!" cried the king; and the *cortège* proceeded. If it had not done so—if the king had hesitated—if he had appeared paralysed—if the review had been broken up, confusion would have followed; some tens of thousands of miscreants, who had all prepared themselves to profit by anticipated disorder, would have pillaged Paris, overthrown the government, and involved France in war and anarchy. The cool, calm, dignified, manly conduct of Louis Philippe at that moment of real danger and alarm, won for him the golden opinions of all moderate men of all parties, and saved France from years of civil war.

Then followed numerous attempts at assassination. Year after year, and session after session, witnessed new regicides. But a wise, merciful, and unerring Providence

preserved the life of the king, and in a manner so remarkable and special, that even the least habitually religious were compelled by the force of facts to avow it. On all these perilous occasions, when the hearts of mere spectators sunk within them, Louis Philippe preserved a calmness which honest and wise men can alone display.

There is a passage in the life of Louis Philippe which I had well-nigh forgotten, and yet which is striking and curious. The Belgian deputation arrived at Paris to offer to the Duke of Nemours the crown of their country. What was the reply of the king?—

“The thirst of conquest, or the honour of seeing a diadem placed on the brow of my son, shall not induce me to expose my country to a repetition of those calamities which war entails; nor could any advantages France might reap from my acceptance of the honour you propose, compensate for those evils. The examples of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon are sufficient to save me from the fatal temptation of erecting thrones for my sons; and I prefer the maintenance of peace to all the brilliancy of victories, unless, indeed, in a war in which the arms of France would not fail to acquire fresh glory, because the defence of her standard would call forth her sons.”

That was a moment of deep interest, though of a more lively and agreeable character, when the king opened to France the magnificent galleries of Versailles. His own judgment, taste, munificence, had presided for years over their preparation; and long as the palace shall last, Versailles will remain a monument which shall ever proclaim his generosity, nationality, and grandeur.

Faithful to his friends, and grateful to his supporters, the king has rewarded true merit and devotedness to himself, to the cause of constitutional freedom, and to France. No prince has ever paid such undeviating attention to the claims and merits of all public men. He has changed his ministers frequently, but not from choice—from necessity; sometimes death, sometimes public events, sometimes a change in the opinions of those in whom he had confided, and sometimes the necessity for obeying public opinion, when calmly and deliberately pronounced, have led to these changes. But the friends of his happier days, when in Neuilly, under the Restoration, he enjoyed every blessing his heart could desire, are his friends still; and those who aided him as lieutenant-general, and in the earliest days of his reign as King of the French, are, also,

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still protected, patronised, and received with urbanity, kindness, and affection.

Undoubtedly Louis Philippe is a king. To deny this would be to parody all the events and actions of his reign. Undoubtedly he is no puppet to be moved by strings, and no imaginary and unreal chief. Sometimes the conduct of Louis Philippe, in himself directing the affairs of the government, has exposed him to the charge of exceeding the usual powers and the accustomed conduct of a constitutional sovereign. This may be the case, and I am free to admit it. But any other conduct on his part, under all the circumstances in which France and Europe were placed by the Revolution of 1830, would have led to war, misery, and anarchy. That such men as M. Guizot should, at various epochs of the reign of Louis Philippe, have sought to render his conduct and decisions more in harmony with a parliamentary government, is by no means surprising; but it is not the less true that that same M. Guizot is now in reality his prime minister, and that Louis Philippe still exerts his royal and august authority in all matters relating to the state. He hears, sees, examines, and knows all; and he is in reality *the* government, and *the* president of the council.

The severest trial of his long and valuable life was the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans; but with admirable tact he has settled in his own life time the regency of his son's son, and has done all that human wisdom can effect to secure the perpetuity of the Orleans dynasty.

His “*Marie*,” also, the princess of sculptors,—the lovely, the interesting, and the intellectual Marie, has been removed from his side; but he has noble sons in Nemours, Joinville, D'Aumale, and Montpensier; and they would shed the last drop of their blood to defend, or to honour, their father.

His Louise is the happy queen of prosperous Belgium, and to her admirable husband and king, King Leopold, Louis Philippe is greatly attached. His opinions he receives almost with deference, and speaks of him in terms of affection and respect.

His Clementine is lately married, and his best wishes follow her to her less brilliant but happy home.

His faithful and devoted sister, Madame Adelaide, is still the constant companion of his varied life; and as together they descend towards the grave, they present the most perfect model of fraternal and sisterly affection I was ever privileged to behold.

Last, but dearest of all to his heart's best sympathies, is his inimitable queen, Marie Amélie. His affection for her knows no bounds, and she is undoubtedly entitled to all that love which he has so long and so invariably displayed.

I have done. My "Reminiscences" of Louis Philippe are completed. I behold in him a man raised up and signally preserved by Providence to prevent unheard-of and overwhelming miseries to France, to Europe, and to the world. I see in him fixedness of purpose, integrity of heart, undaunted courage, and an unquenchable love of country, a clear perception of what is necessary to France, though she may not occasionally perceive it herself, a scorn for factions and for traitors, a hatred for all that is mean and pitiful, a love for all that is grand and noble, a resolution to govern and not to be governed, an almost obstinate pertinacity with regard to his own opinion, a profound respect for vested interests and rights, and yet an attachment for clear, defined, practical liberty. Thus I see in him a great man. The first year of his reign was marked by some errors; but it was a period of transition. May his last year be yet far distant; and when the moment shall arrive that he shall be summoned by the King of Kings to render an account of his important and memorable stewardship, may that greatest of all transactions be one which shall find him fully prepared, and shall be to him the precursor of eternal bliss!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

LADY C. was a beautiful woman, but lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather passed extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had but five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet Prison, and was likely to remain there.

Now, in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Philan was

a great admirer of the fair sex: and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.

"So you're not married, Pat;" says she. "Divil an inch! your honour's ladyship," says he.

"And, wouldn't ye like to be married?" again asks she.

"Would a duck swim?"

"Is there any one you'd prefer?"

"Maybe, madam," says he, "you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyant Doneraile? Her father's cousin to O'Donaghew, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—"

"Hush!" says she; "sure I don't want to know who she is. But, would she have you, if you asked her?"

"Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thrying that same."

"And why don't you?"

"Sure I'm too poor." And Philan heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"

"Does a dog bark?"

"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell ye?"

"Mille murthers! your honour, don't be tantalizing a poor boy."

"Indeed I'm not," said Lady C. "So listen. How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor divil like Pat Philan."

"Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds."

"Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," says Lady C. "After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife."

"I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

"But, remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go, and marry her."

"That's thrue," says he. "But, thin, the bigamy?"

"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story."

"Divil a word I'll ivir say."

"Well, then," says she; "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a licence, and leave the rest to me;" and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the licence?" says she.

"Here it is, my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

"Perform the ceremony," says she.

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband, the legal husband, of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for, sure enough, I forgot to tell you he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," says she; and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me." And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."

"Where's your husband?"

"There, sir!" and she pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:

"Go to Doneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you inclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty pounds for present expenses. C."

Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he get drunk that same night, and didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, i' faix, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his "Fleet Marriage."

So, remember, as it's a secret, don't tell it to any one, you see.

The *Nestorians* of Dzumaleok, about whom we trust every reader feels a deep interest, have, according to recent accounts, been cruelly subdued by the Pasha of Mosul. If true, it is a reflection upon every Christian power.

From the London Charivari.

LADY LONDONDERRY'S HOSPITAL.

IF a goose could only meditate upon the future destiny and purposes of its various wing-quills; it would, we are sure, sometimes feel an elevation of spirit—a pride of heart—unknown even to peacocks or parrots. The parent bird—and Jenkins alone knows what its thoughts *may* be—would also feel anxieties throbbing at its heart; doubts, fears—all the varied emotions of a mother. Here are half-a-dozen quills plucked from the bird. Look at them, reader: they all seem equally stout and good; all equally capable of wise and useful exertion. Alas! are they not, too often, like giddy, thoughtless youth, depending for their future figure in the world upon the hands they fall into? One quill writes an immortal piece of English; another does nothing but sign bank cheques; a third—goose-like, foolish thing—is dipped in forgery. One fabricates begging letters; another—builds a hospital!

Of such a quill have we now to speak!

The ingratitude of man is so generally acknowledged, that it has ceased to become infamous. It is a human infirmity, like the croup; and like it, as old wives avow, certain at some period of his life to fall upon every child of Adam. Hence, it is more than probable that the world has already forgotten the last book of the most noble the Marquess of Londonderry; a book which was, as indeed every book should be, an honest sample of the writer's brain. It was a most amusing volume, and was laughed at by Whigs and Tories. Party might truly be said to have laughed at both sides of its mouth. Well, the Marquess having published, and allowed a decent time to himself to be out of print, the Marchioness comes after. The male volume is followed by tome female:

"The printer's han' was tried on man,
And then compos'd the lass's, oh!"

We have now before us *A Three Months' Tour in Portugal, Spain, and Africa*, written by the beautiful Marchioness of Londonderry, and published by the bibliopole Mitchell. Well, ordinarily, we think no more of the volumes thrown at us by the lady aristocracy,—no more than of the shells of perfumed water and sugar-plums once cast at us—ha! those days!—at a Roman carnival. We merely smile, and shake our

ears—and would do so, were they long as Jenkins's—and, calling heaven's blessings down upon the pretty things, pass on.

But we cannot pass the volume written by the Marchioness of Londonderry.

Happy goose-feather! for sure we are it was no crow-quill that penned the healing lines—as healing they will prove to be—but a gray-goose shaft dipped in the elixir of life! Can this be doubted? Then let the reader learn that the profits arising from the Marchioness's book are to build—"a Hospital at Seaham Harbour!" Should the Marquess himself ever, by accident, set fire to the Thames, we have no doubt that he could reproduce the river—bridges and all—by the profits of an epigram!

A Hospital built upon a volume! The paper becomes lint—the words physic!

Let it not for a moment be thought that we treat the project with irreverent gaiety. Certainly not. If we are at all cheerful, it is the blithesomeness of rejoicing philanthropy that chirrup within us; for we have made the most particular inquiries among the aristocracy, as to the objects of this Hospital to be founded upon foolscap, and have learned that the Marchioness of Londonderry, touched by the forlorn and all but hopeless condition of many of the nobility, has resolved to dedicate the building to the exclusive use of her "order."

An architect has already been commissioned to draw plans of the building; and, as it is desirable that the fabric should be so constructed that no patient should see what is going on about him, that arch architect to whom we owe so many of our modern theatres, has, very properly, been selected for the undertaking. We have been favoured with a view of the drawings.

On the completion of the Hospital, Lord Brougham will immediately be removed into Vanity Ward. For months past, the condition of his lordship has continued to alarm a distinguished, though very select, body of individuals, his lordship's friends. We hope that the disease has not made too great an advance; but have, nevertheless, confidence in the careful treatment to be adopted. His lordship will be rigidly kept from pen and ink; nobody will be allowed to answer him, or take any notice of him, do what he will; even the nurses will not be permitted to listen to his speeches; and the word *Examiner*—whether applicable to surgeon or journal—will be studiously suppressed. As, however,

his lordship has a mechanical turn, he will be supplied with wood, pins, and paper, that he may employ himself in the construction of Tory windmills. The cups engraved by Baron Trenck, during his long captivity, are now objects of high price; and is it to be doubted that the windmills of Henry Brougham will be forgotten by posterity, should they, indeed, unlike the poet's letter, be ever delivered?

Selfishness Ward will hold an immense number of patients; and already numerous applications are made for the admittance of people of the very first rank—people, said to be labouring under a *dernier* form of the disease, and of whose ultimate recovery there is very little hope. Dukes, marquesses, and earls, are among the suffering.

Idleness Ward—Arrogance Ward—Bribery and Corruption Ward, and twenty others, peculiarly adapted to the diseases of the aristocracy, will be allotted from the building; of which we may give a further account in a future number.

ANECDOTE.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON used to tell with pleasure the difficulties with which, in his early days, he was surrounded, and over which he triumphed. We give an account of his early success, as he related it himself at table to a friend:—"Yes," says the Lord Chancellor, "and I borrowed thirty pounds to go the northern circuit, but *I got no briefs*. And, sir, I borrowed another thirty, but met with no return. After some time at this game I had determined to borrow no more; when I was prevailed on by a friend to try again, and did so. At York I had a junior brief, and Davenport, then a leading counsel of the circuit, was to state the case to the jury. The cause was called on in the morning, and Davenport was engaged in the Crown Circuit. I," says the Chancellor, "begged the judge to postpone it;" but he replied, "You must lead, Mr. Scott." And I did so; it was for an assault: two ladies had quarrelled at cards; a scuffle ensued, and one of them was turned off her chair on the ground: this was the nature of the assault. "It happened," proceeds the Chancellor, "that I set the court in a roar of laughter, and succeeded for my client: re-

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tainers began to flow in, and the prospect brightened. On proceeding to Carlisle, a fortunate circumstance occurred.

I had retired early to bed the night before the assizes, when I was aroused by a knock at my door; on getting up, I found Mr. —, the solicitor, with a large brief in his hand: he observed that a cause was coming on in the morning, and the leading counsel were all too much engaged to read so large a brief: "You must take it, Mr. Scott;" I hesitated, as Davenport and others had declined it, and expressed my doubt of being able to accomplish the task. He pressed me, and by the little light, as the attorney put the brief (it was a *thick* brief) into my hand, I saw written on it. "*Mr. Scott, twenty guineas.*" This was not to be refused, and I said, "Well, I'll promise to read your brief, and state its substance." "That's all we want," replied the solicitor; so I dressed myself and read it: the next day I succeeded in the cause and never wanted briefs again. [Britannia.]

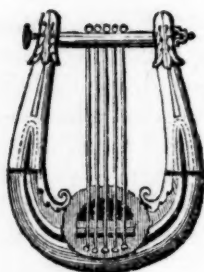
From the Edinburgh Review.

NOTE to the Article on the Life of Addison.

Pages 163, and 253, of the present volume.

IN our review of Miss Aikin's Life of Addison, we remarked, that the "Little Dicky" mentioned in the *Old Whig*, could not possibly be Sir Richard Steele. We also expressed our opinion that, in all probability, Little Dicky was the nickname of some comic actor, who played the part of Gomez in Dryden's Spanish Friar.

We have since ascertained that our conjecture was correct. The performer to whom Addison alluded was Henry Norris, a man of remarkably small stature, but of great native humour, whose strength lay in such characters as that of Gomez. Norris had greatly distinguished himself by his ludicrous performance of the part of Dicky, the serving-man, in Farquhar's *Trip to the Jubilee*, and had thus earned the nickname of Little Dicky. He was at the height of popularity in the year 1719, when the *Old Whig* appeared. An account of him will be found in the General History of the Stage, published about a century ago by one Chetwood, who had been, during twenty years, Prompter at Drury-Lane Theatre.



LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

THE brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath :
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek ;
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak.

He said—"The quiet moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
While all the woods were still :
I felt as if from slumber
I never could awake—
O! mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

A cold dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight like lead,
My hands and feet seem sinking,
Quite through my little bed ;
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache ;
O! mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep,
To make me feel I'm near you.
And bless you though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But then, their heads they shake,
O! mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

Why can't I see the poplars ?
Why can't I see the hill,
Where, dreaming of good angels
The moon-beams lay so still ?
Why can't I see *you*, mother ?
I surely am awake :
O! haste, to give me something
To cherish for your sake!"

The little bosom heaves not ;
The fire had left its cheek ;
The fine chord—is it broken ?
The strong chord—*could* it break ?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath winged its flight away ;
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

MY GRAVE.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep ?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree ?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow ?
O, no! O, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes ?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore ;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find ?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind ?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground ?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
O, no! O, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide ;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf: put no tombstone there,
But green sods deck'd with daisies fair,
Nor sods too deep ; but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through—
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"He serv'd his country and lov'd his kind."
O! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

THE HEART AND ROSE.

ROSE, with all thine odour fled,
Brightness lost and beauty parted,
Drooping low thy tearful head,
Like one forlorn and broken-hearted :
Though the world refuse to see
What, alas, there's no concealing,
Still there's one can mourn for thee—
All are not alike unfeeling.

Many a heart as full of tears
Bending lowly, none to guide it,
Soon as one kind hand appears,
Brighter hopes spring warm beside it.
'Tis not much the Rose requires,
With a *word* the Heart is healing :
O, the joy such act inspires!
What is life devoid of feeling ?

L I F E .

LOVE's a song, and Life's the singer,
 Hope sits listening to the strain,
 Till old Time, that discord-bringer,
 Jars the music of the twain.
 Love, and Life, and Time, together
 Rarely yet were friendly found;
 If Love heralds sunny weather,
 Time, to other duties bound,
 Buries Life half under ground:
 O the lot of Life how sad!

Why should Time thus fail to cherish
 All that lends existence worth?
 Wherefore should Love droop and perish,
 As but doom'd to woe on earth?
 Love, and Life, and Time, together
 Better friends we hope may be.
 If Time's of inconstant feather,
 Love and Hope should still agree:
 Life is lost between the three,
 O the lot of Life how sad!

THE FATE OF POLYCRATES.

HEROD. III. 124—126.

"O! go not forth, my father dear,
 O! go not forth to-day,
 And trust not thou that Satrap dark,
 For he fawns but to betray;
 His courteous smiles are treacherous wiles,
 His foul designs to hide;
 Then go not forth, my father dear,
 In thy own fair towers abide."

"Now, say not so, dear daughter mine,
 I pray thee, say not so!
 Where glory calls, a monarch's feet
 Should never fear to go;
 And safe to-day will be my way
 Through proud Magnesia's halls,
 As if I stood 'mid my bowmen good
 Beneath my Samian walls."

"The Satrap is my friend, sweet child,
 My trusty friend is he—
 The ruddy gold his coffers hold
 He shares it all with me;
 No more amid these clustering isles
 Alone shall be my sway,
 But Hellas wide, from side to side,
 My empire shall obey!"

"And of all the maids of Hellas,
 Though they be rich and fair,
 With the daughter of Polycrates,
 O! who shall then compare?
 Then dry thy tears—no idle fears
 Should damp our joy to day—
 And let me see thee smile once more
 Before I haste away!"

"O! false would be the smile, my sire,
 That I should wear this morn,
 For of all my country's daughters
 I shall soon be most forlorn;
 I know, I know—ah, thought of woe!
 I ne'er shall see again
 My father's ship come sailing home
 Across th' Icarian main."

"Each gifted seer, with words of fear,
 Forbids thee to depart,
 And their warning strains an echo find
 In every faithful heart;
 A maiden weak, e'en I must speak,
 Ye gods, assist me now!
 The characters of doom and death
 Are graven on thy brow!"

"Last night, my sire, a vision dire,
 Thy daughter's eyes did see:
 Suspended in mid air there hung,
 A form resembling thee;
 Nay, frown not thus, my father dear;
 My tale will soon be done—
 Methought that form was bathed by Jove,
 And anointed by the sun!"

"My child, my child, thy fancies wild,
 I may not stay to hear,
 A friend goes forth to meet a friend,
 Then wherefore should'st thou fear?
 Though moonstruck seers with idle fears,
 Beguile a maiden weak,
 They cannot stay thy father's hand,
 Or blanch thy father's cheek."

"Let cowards keep within their holds,
 And on peril fear to run!
 Such shame," quoth he, "is not for me,
 Fair Fortune's favourite son!"
 Yet still the maiden did repeat
 Her melancholy strain—
 "I ne'er shall see my father's fleet
 Come sailing home again!"

The monarch call'd his seamen good,
 They muster'd on the shore,
 Waved in the gale the snow-white sail,
 And dash'd the sparkling oar;
 But by the flood that maiden stood,
 Loud rose her piteous cry—
 "O! go not forth, my dear, dear sire,
 O, go not forth to die!"

A frown was on that monarch's brow,
 And he said as he turned away,
 "Full soon shall Samos' lord return
 To Samos' lovely bay;
 But thou shalt aye a maiden lone
 Within my courts abide—
 No chief of fame shall ever claim
 My daughter for his bride!"

"A long, long maidenhood to thee
 Thy prophet tongue hath given—"
 "O would, my sire," that maid replied,
 "Such were the will of Heaven.
 Though I a loveless maiden lone
 Must evermore remain,
 Still let me hear that voice so dear
 In my native isle again!"

'Twas all in vain that warning strain,
 The king has crost the tide—
 But never more off Samos shore
 His bark was seen to ride!
 The Satrap false his life has taken,
 That monarch bold and free,
 And his limbs are blackening in the blast,
 Nailed to the gallows tree?

That night the rain came down apace,
 And wash'd each gory stain,
 But the sun's bright ray, the next noonday,
 Glared fiercely on the slain;
 And the oozing gore began once more
 From his wounded sides to run;
 Good-sooth, that form was bathed by Jove,
 And anointed by the Sun!



ART AND SCIENCE.

ILLUSTRATION.

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Painted by P. Creswick. Engraved by John Sartain.

THE curfew tolls, the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drowning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
 heap:

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

* * * * *

Not being in possession of any thing to commu-
 nicate relative to the excellent painter whose work

has been selected for the embellishment of our present number, and deeming that a treatise on landscape painting would be far less susceptible to the general reader than some curious particulars connected with the poem illustrated, we adopt the latter. "The Elegy written in a Country Church-yard," was composed by Gray in 1750, and reached the public, (without his approval,) through Horace Walpole, who had received a manuscript copy from the author. The excessive diffidence of Gray regarding the merit of his productions, and the anxiety he felt to avoid the suspicion of attaching too much importance to them, is singularly exhibited by his correspondence on the occasion of an embellished edition being about to be published by Dodsley in 1753. Of one of these letters (to Dodsley, given below,) which had never appeared in print before, a fac-simile was published in 1840, in Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities." Walpole had written to the poet informing him that an embellished edition was about to appear, with his portrait prefixed. Gray in his reply says "Sure you are out of your wits! This I know, if you suffer my head to be printed you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it I know not; but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was, I know will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person at the head of my works, consisting of half-a-dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory,"



Painted by T. Gresham.

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Engraved by J. S. Searles. From the original painting by T. Gresham.

&c. &c. By the following letter to the publisher it will be seen that he even desired to have the poems appear as secondary to the engraving.

Feb. 12, Camb'ge.

SIR,—I am not at all satisfied with the title. To have it conceived, that I publish a collection of *Poems* (half a dozen little matters, four of which too have already been printed again and again,) thus pompously adorned would make me appear very ridiculous. I desire it may be understood (which is the truth) that the verses are only subordinate, and explanatory to the drawings, and suffered by me to come out thus only for that reason. Therefore if you yourself prefixed the title, I desire it may be altered; or if Mr. W. ordered it so, that you would tell him, why I wish it were changed in the manner I mentioned to you at first, or to that purpose: for the more I consider it, the less I can bear it as it now stands; I ever think there is an uncommon sort of simplicity, that looks like affectation, in putting one's plain Christian and surnames without a Mr. before them; but this (if it signifies any thing) I easily give up; the other I cannot. You need not apprehend, that this change in the title will be any prejudice to the sale of the book, a showy title-page may serve to sell a pamphlet of a shilling or two; but this is not of a price for chance-customers, whose eye is caught in passing by a window; and would never sell but from the notion the town may entertain of the merit of the drawings, which they will be instructed in by some that understand such things.

I thank you for the offer you make me, but I shall be contented with three copies, two of which you will send me, and keep the third, till I acquaint you where to send it. If you will let me know the exact day they will come out a little time beforehand, I will give you a direction. You will remember to send two copies to Dr. Thomas Wharton, M. D., at Durham. Perhaps you may have burnt my letter, so I will again put down the title.

DESIGNS BY MR. R. BENTLEY,
FOR SIX POEMS OF
MR. T. GRAY.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
T. G.

To Mr. DODSLEY.

In a letter from Walpole to Gray, dated the 20th of the same month, is this passage in answer.—“The title, I think, will be wrong, and not answer your purpose; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper disposition of the word *designs* before *poems*, make the edition less yours? I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the Mr. before your name; it is a barbarous addition: the other is simple and classic; a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without ranking myself among classics, I assure you were I to print any thing with my name, it should be plain Horace Walpole: Mr. is one of the gothicisms I abominate.”

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.—Several improvements in the neighbourhood of the Nelson Pillar are in contemplation, amongst which is the intended removal of Wyatt's statue of George III. from

Pall-mall East to Trafalgar-square. A statue of George III., by Chantrey is to be erected at the east end of the square, near St. Martin's Church; and one of George IV. will be placed opposite, so as to form a companion statue.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—The statue of our immortal Admiral is about to be mast-headed on the Trafalgar-square pillar; and yesterday and to-day admission for the public to see it on *terra firma* has been very properly accorded. A previous view enables us to speak of it as a work which does honour to the skill of Mr. Baily. The gigantic figure is well-posed, and the likeness exceedingly good, with a dignified, calm and noble expression. Nelson is in uniform, with his stars and other decorations, in attitude standing easily but firmly on a circular plinth. A massive coil of cable behind him sustains the limbs and lower parts, which would otherwise lack solidity. The left hand rests on a bronze sword about eight feet in length. The statue itself is of a compact hard stone, from the Duke of Buccleuch's quarries at Granton near Edinburgh, of rather a rich greyish brown colour, with small quartz or micaceous sparkles. It is 17 feet 6 inches in height, from the pedestal to the top of the cocked-hat, which is placed squarely on the head, with the pinch upon the brow. Preparations for elevating it to the summit of the column have been made; and it will be raised in three pieces or divisions; the left arm about 7 cwt. being separable from under the epaulette; the upper portion of the body, separable at the waist, and weighing 5 tons; and the lower parts, cable, limbs, plinth, &c. weighing no less than 11 tons. This is the *magnum opus* for the pulleys; but the scaffolding and apparatus are so excellently contrived, that there need be no fear of the result. Upon the ground, the talent displayed by the eminent artist who has executed this design merits our highest praise; and we only regret that so able a production should be on the eve of being promoted so far from the sight.

The interior of the Square (by the by) is laid out for two fountains of irregular form; and has several rows of massive, round, and capped granite posts, about 4 feet high. The terrace along the front of the National Gallery, with a wide stair at each end, looks well, though from the boarding being still up, and masses of rubbish and scaffolds, &c. every where about, the general effect cannot be fairly ascertained. The greatest improvement will be to get these impediments removed as quickly as possible.

THE COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.—This handsome structure has, through the instrumentality of Mr. George Robins, found a purchaser in Mr. Montague, brother of the City Surveyor. The price, it is said, is under 25,000*l.* Mr. Stanfield, our native and successful artist, with Bradwell, of Covent garden Theatre, are engaged to produce a new pictorial exhibition.

A correspondent at Paris informs us that a highly interesting experiment with the galvanic light, proposed by M. Archereau as a substitute for that of gas, was made a few evenings since in the Place de la Concorde. The intention of making this experiment having been announced by the public press, several thousands of persons had assembled

to witness it. The light exhibited appeared to be about an inch and a half in diameter, and was enclosed in a glass globe, of about twelve inches diameter. In the first instance, the gas lights of the Place de la Concorde, which are one hundred in number, were not extinguished; the appearance of those nearest the galvanic light was quite as faint and had the same dull hue as the ordinary oil-lamps when near a gas-light of the full dimensions. When the gas-lights of the Place were put out, the effect of the galvanic light was exceedingly brilliant, eclipsing even, in the opinion of many persons present, that of the hydro-oxygen light. It was easy to read small print at the distance of one hundred yards, and it was only necessary to look at the shadow of the objects in the way of the light to be convinced of its great illuminating power. That the substitution of the galvanic light for gas-light would be a great improvement there can be no doubt, and we imagine that the expense of renewing the supply of the galvanic battery by which the electric fluid is conveyed to the burner, and then thrown upon the charcoal, which becomes thus brilliantly incandescent, would not be so great as that of the generation of gas.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.—The parliamentary committee on Shipwrecks earnestly recommend the construction of harbours of refuge on various parts of our coasts—a recommendation of expediency, economy, and mercy, which we trust will speedily be carried into effect.

According to M. Moreau de Jonnés, the number of crimes, in proportion to the population committed in France, generally falls far short of what it is in England. He has found by the authentic tables published in England in 1842, with the sanction of the Home Office, that the number of persons there condemned, for crimes and offences of various kinds, was nearly four times greater, in the relative proportion of the population at large, than it was in France during the year 1841—the latest period up to which official returns have been made. He also communicated some curious facts respecting the amelioration which the physical condition of the people of France has undergone. He stated that in the year 1700 the number of persons who ate wheaten bread in France was 6,670,000, or 33 per cent. of the entire population of that period. In 1760, the proportion of the population who ate wheaten bread was as to that fed on inferior grain 40 per cent.; in 1818, 45 per cent.; and in 1840, 60 per cent.

The pavement of the cathedral of Amiens is undergoing a thorough repair, at an expense of nearly 4000*l*. It was ornamented in the middle ages with a curious labyrinth worked out in the stone in the middle of the nave, as well as with numerous inscriptions. A private gentleman of that city, M. Goze, has offered to restore this labyrinthine work at his own cost.

A museum of national antiquities has been established in one of the halls of the Hôtel de Ville at Saintes, in the west of France: and numerous contributions of local objects of art, Roman as well as mediæval, have been made to it by gentlemen residing in that district. The historical committee of Bordeaux has been mainly instrumental in diffu-

sing a taste for and knowledge of national antiquities throughout the west and south-west of France.

It is expected that the collection of antiquities in the Royal Library will be enriched by the addition of a gold girdle discovered near Beauvais, in the cuttings for the railroad in progress in that district. It is supposed to be a Gaulish relic, dating back nineteen centuries. It is valued by weight alone, at 880 francs.

VAUBAN.—The Minister of the interior has commissioned the sculptor Etex to execute a marble monument in memory of the Marshal Vauban. It will consist of many figures, and occupy a site in the Invalides opposite to that of Turenne.

THE MADELEINE.—The group in white marble, intended for the Madeleine, is finished, and about to be placed in its intended site. The French journals in criticising this work, pronounce it "the largest in Paris:" it is by Marochetti.

Dunkirk is preparing to erect to her sailor hero, Jean-Bart, a bronze statue, the figure of which M. David has offered to execute gratuitously, and the pedestal is promised by M. Lebas, the architect; the Archæological Society of Toumme has originated a subscription for a monument to one whom we should wonder to find so long without a public monument in France—if Englishmen had any wonder to spare on such subjects which they could carry further than their own door—Descartes; and we may add, that among ourselves, sufficient funds have been collected to erect a monument to the lovely heroine of the Fern Islands, poor Grace Darling, in the church, or churchyard, of Bamburgh, the resting-place of her mortal remains.

Our readers may remember that, amongst other bequests made to his native town of Ajaccio, by the late Cardinal Fesch, he directed that a collection of pictures should be given to the city, to be selected from his magnificent gallery, previously to its sale. Letters from Civita-Vecchia mention that these pictures have been embarked, at that port, for their destination, by the exertions of the French consul and two delegates from the town of Ajaccio, and at the cost of the Count de Surville, who has exhibited much zeal in carrying out the intentions of his uncle. They are to be placed in the vast edifice, constructed, at Ajaccio, in the Cardinal's life-time, destined as an institution for the gratuitous instruction of the youth of Corsica, in the higher branches of education.

The Minister of the Interior has taken possession, "in the name of the French government," of the Hôtel de Cluny, and the splendid collection of the late M. Dusommerard; and has appointed M. E. Dusommerard, a son of the celebrated antiquarian, conservator of the new National Museum.—Documents, relative to the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes, have been lately discovered in the Register office of the Cour Royale of Orleans. They are composed of all the papers used at the trial of MM. de Boullie, de Klinglin, de Choiseul, de Damas, de Goguelat, and others, which took place at Orleans, and consists of letters, examinations, and depositions, calculated to throw a new light on the historical facts of the day.—Horace Vernet, scarcely rested from his Russian journey has de-

parted for Algeria, to collect, on the battle-field where the Duc d'Aumale carried the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader, the materials for a picture representing the action; and M. Paul is perpetuating on canvass the interview, at Eu, between the Queen of England and the King of the French—both pictures destined to form part of the great Historical Gallery at Versailles.—M. Boulanger, the architect, has been sent by the government on an artistic mission to Athens; having as its particular object, the making measurements and drawings of all the monuments in that city of old art.

An iron bridge, like that of the Rialto of Venice, is being thrown over the canal, near the Bastille. It is for foot passengers only.

That magnificent spot lying between the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, after having been called "Place Louis Quinse," "Place de la Concorde," "Place Louis Seize," "Place de la Republique," "Place de la Restoration," is now to be called again "the Place de la Concorde," and printed plates, with the name, have been placed at the different corners. The foot pavement of the Rue Royale is being widened, and two rows of trees planted on each side of it.

During the first nine months of this year there issued from the French press four thousand five hundred and eighty-three works in different languages, one thousand five hundred and thirty-five engravings, one hundred and twenty-seven maps and plans, and two hundred and forty pieces of music.

A correspondent just returned from the Pyrenees thus writes to us:—"In my wanderings this autumn I accompanied the director of the mines lately opened near the famous Port de Venasque, to within a few feet of the summit of the extraordinary natural obelisk, called the Pic de Picade, and we there discovered the remains of a gallery about two hundred feet long, piercing a rich vein of lead ore. The director, a person of great intelligence, at once pronounced the work to have been executed by the Romans, and as it is well known that the latter were acquainted with the mineral wealth of the Pyrenean mountains, I have no doubt of the correctness of his opinion. The wonder consists in the situation of this shaft; and when I state that it occupied eight hours of almost perpendicular climbing, surmounting the most frightful precipices, to attain it, some idea may be formed of the difficulties attendant upon the execution of the work. The mines, which are at the base of the Pic, have only been opened during the summer, and when I visited them early in September, were yielding 10z. of silver in 13lb. of lead."

Some excavations have been lately made at Bielbe (Basses Pyrénées,) on the spot where some rich mosaics were discovered last year. Four new rooms, adorned with handsome mosaics, have been laid bare, and some fragments of beautiful marble cornices and fresco paintings have also been found.

We hear from Berlin, that Professor Fischer has nearly completed the model of the shield designed by Cornelius, which is intended by his Majesty the King as a baptismal present to the Prince of Wales. The model, which is described as being exceeding-

ly beautiful, is to be engraved on copper by Hoffmann.

CURIOUS INVENTION FOR DISCOVERING METALS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WATER.—Lieut. Rainslett, of the Russian navy, has made this important discovery. He finds if there is any kind of metal at the bottom of the sea or in rivers, by means of a galvanic pile, of which the two isolated conductors are directed to the bottom of the water, where they are brought close together, without coming into absolute contact. When the inferior extremities of these metallic threads touch a metal, it puts them into communication, and establishes a galvanic current in the conductors, the existence of which is made manifest to the observer by the declination of a compass placed under one of the threads. When this is ascertained, it is easy, by means of a needle, which can be slid down to the point intimated, to tell whether the metal is iron. The application of this discovery to archæology is much dwelt upon; as by its application, like soundings, in the rivers of the vast old Roman empire, it will readily appear where and what treasures of metallic art are imbedded there. It reminds us of the remarkable practice of finding out mines by the use of a divining-rod.

In the kingdom of Saxony the daily, weekly, and monthly periodical publications amount to no less than one hundred and fifty-four. Two are in the Slavonic language, two in French, one in English, and the rest in German. At Leipsic alone the number of periodical works issued is seventy-six.

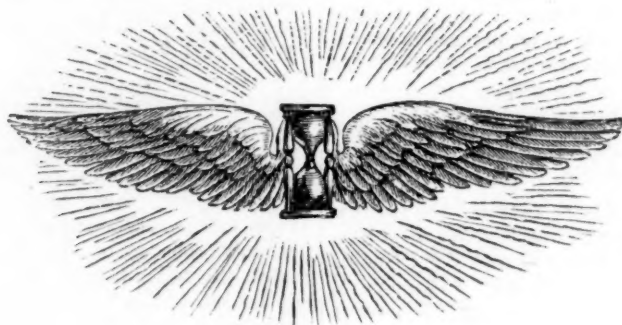
BORNEO.—The Samarang, of twenty-six guns, Captain Sir J. Belcher, has been lost off the island of Borneo, which she was employed in surveying. We fear that her papers, and nearly all she had collected of science and information, have been destroyed.

HONG-KONG EXPORTS.—The Monarch, Capt. Robertson, has brought to Leith from Hong-kong a pair of Napir musk deer, not much larger than hares, which have been sent to the Zoological Gardens. Other curious animals unfortunately died on the passage.

THE ITALIAN SCIENTIFIC MEETING at Lucca has been attended by upwards of four hundred distinguished *literati* and men of science. The Prince of Canino presided over the zoological, and Prince Louis, his brother, took part in the chemical section. We learn from a letter in the Dublin Evening Mail that Sir William Betham's *Etruria Celtica* (see reviews in Literary Gazette, Nos. 1347, 1348, 1350, 1354) had attracted much attention. The Prince of Canino, at one of the meetings, stated that it was a favourite notion of his late father (Lucien Bonaparte) that the Etruscan was Celtic, which opinion was also held by many other learned men of Italy; but hitherto they possessed no means of ascertaining the fact. Now, however, it has been satisfactorily established by Sir William Betham; and all lovers of ancient history must take a great interest in it; but Italy more than any other country, because it will further develop those treasures of Etruscan literature and antiquities, which the excavations beneath her

surface have already brought, and are daily bringing, to light. The prince proposed an adjournment of his section to the house of a member, where Senor Livriati translated and explained several passages of the *Etruria Cellica* to the venerable Ingherami, Valeriani, Vermiglioli, and others, who

have so long laboured in the fields of Etruscan literature without any clue to the meaning of the inscriptions, which now fortunately being supplied, gives a double zest to their labours. Prince Louis Bonaparte declared his intention of studying the Irish language.



OBITUARY.

MR. ORRIN SMITH.—Died on the 15th of Oct., at his house at Mabledon-place, Mr. John Orrin Smith, the wood-engraver. He was born at Colchester in 1799, and was educated as an architect; but relinquishing the study of this profession, came to London, and turned his attention to wood-engraving, for which he very soon evinced a decided talent. It was about the year 1824 that he began to devote himself to this branch of Art, under the instruction of Mr. Harvey. His first works of importance constituted a series of animals, illustrations to "Seeley's Bible," and some spirited heads after Kenney Meadows. In 1835 he commenced the illustrations of the French edition of "Paul and Virginia," the success of which was such that the publishers caused his name to be engraved as an accompaniment to the work. In the same year he was occupied in illustrations of "The Solace of Song;" and these two works contain some of his finest specimens of landscape engraving. In 1839 he commenced the cuts of the "Illustrated Shakspeare," after drawings by Kenney Meadows, which work occupied him until within a few months of his death. Two years ago he entered into partnership with Mr. Linton, since which time have been produced cuts for "The Book of British Ballads," after Meadows; also for Cadell's "Waverly;" "La Fontaine's Fables," "Beranger's Songs," &c. His death was caused by apoplexy, induced by the shock of a shower-bath.

M. THOMIRE, at the age of 92, one of the most distinguished carvers of the French school. His works in wood, marble and bronze, are found among the most valuable acquisitions of the cabinets of Europe. From the condition of a simple artisan he raised himself by his talent to the consideration of a celebrated artist and the direction of an extensive establishment.

CLEAVINGER, the highly talented sculptor, died on his voyage home to America from Italy, whither he had been in pursuit of Professional improve-

ment. He was a man of genius, of great simplicity and ingenuousness, and of the most unblemished private character. He has left a wife and family.

At the age of 40, the well known engraver, GEILLE, whose loss is generally and deeply lamented. In 1832 he obtained, at Rome, the highest prize.

On the 7th October, at St. Mary's Lane, Tewkesbury, Mr. EDMUND RUDGE, an opulent tanner; in his 84th year. From his eccentric habits, parsimony, and great wealth, he had acquired the appellation of "the Tewkesbury Jemmy Wood;" he denied himself the comforts and conveniences, if not the necessities, of life; and died, as he had always lived, in a mean and filthy habitation and neighbourhood; yet it is generally supposed that his property will very much exceed 100,000*l*.

On the 27th ult., at Placencia, Spain, aged 108, a Carmelite nun. She lived in the reigns of Philip V. Ferdinand VI. Charles III. Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. She was 79 years in the cloister.

A few days since, at a very advanced age, Mathieu Deille-douze, the gardener at the Chateau of Ferney, who had been in the service of Voltaire.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* states that M. Rienzi, who committed suicide a short time since at Versailles, was a lineal, and the last, descendant of Rienzi, the Roman Tribune!

Rev. JOHN CLAYTON, sen., who was in his ninetieth year, died after a somewhat long illness. Mr. Clayton was the oldest dissenting minister in London, perhaps in England, and was held in the highest estimation by the non-conforming body of all denominations.

COUNT DE PAREL D'ESPEYRUT, one of the tutors of Napoleon at the military school of Brienne, lately died at Forsac, in the 88th year of his age.